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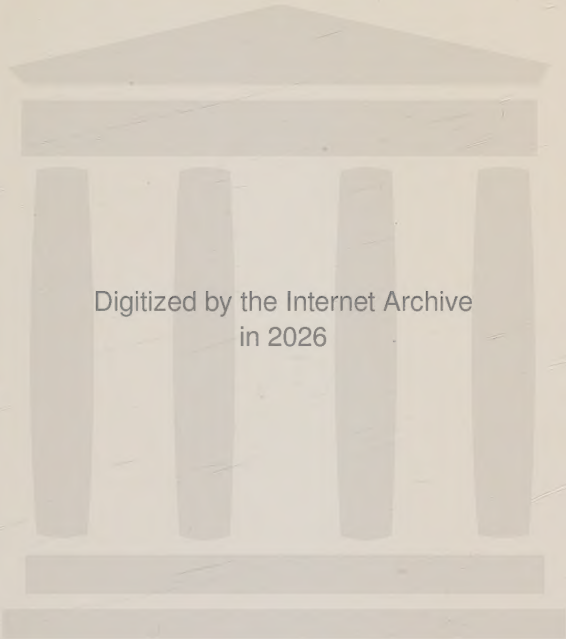
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL:

A SAINT OF GOD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FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

A SAINT OF GOD

A NEW MEMOIR

BY

T. H. DARLOW

WITH A SELECTION OF EXTRACTS
FROM HER PROSE AND VERSE

AND AN INTRODUCTION BY THE
BISHOP OF WORCESTER

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NOTE

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T. H. DARLOW

NORTHWOOD, MIDDLESEX
August, 1927

INTRODUCTION

IT is a privilege, which I value on several personal grounds, to commend this timely collection with its sympathetic memoir.

In 1898 I was one of a little company which included William Robertson Nicoll, and which (largely on his recommendation) invited the editor of this volume to become the literary superintendent of the Bible Society—a cause beloved not more even by Miss Havergal than by him and me. Mr. Darlow's friendship has been a valued asset ever since.

But my associations with the publisher go back much farther. "Nisbets" was a familiar feature of my childhood. In the early 'seventies, before I went to school, when the firm was beginning to introduce Miss Havergal's verse and prose to the Christian public, it would happen every week or two that my father wanted a word either with Mr. Paton or with his assistant, Mr. Earnshaw (a great crony of mine, who loved young people and died ere his prime). So with my hand in my father's I would pass from Great Marlborough Street, where in those days our opposite neighbours mounted their cobs for a

morning ride in the park, up Fanny Burney's Poland Street, across Oxford Street, among the horse-buses and hansoms and drays, to Berners Street. It is a pleasure to retrace those steps in thought.

And now the room in which I write is near enough to the home of Miss Havergal's sunny childhood to give me a neighbour's right to speak of her. As the crow flies, Astley Rectory may be between three and four miles from my door; Oakhampton a little nearer; Winterdyne, in another direction, farther away. But Severn flows between, and a big compass must be fetched round, and the roads wind, and the gradients are steep. If her father's horses did not often come up the castle drive, yet from here I lift up my eyes to the hills which drew hers—Abberley and Woodbury and Clee and Clent and Malvern.

Nor can I forget that it must have been from this house that the Bishop (I suppose, Dr. Henry Pepys, grandfather of the present Bishop of London) set out for Worcester on July 17, 1853, to hold in the cathedral the confirmation which Frances kept in devout remembrance all her days.

By then she had long left Astley for the more

spacious life of St. Nicholas in the middle of Worcester. But her spirit surely still returns to visit the glimpses of the old hillside parish—older than Domesday. When she and her father so come back, they note that there are vast changes in men's modes of worship, marked differences in the expression which is now given to the claims of the Kingdom upon the allegiance of its children. These two, with the language and the ideals of Mildmay and Keswick strong upon them, wonder a little to themselves whether we are not hastening to " build Jerusalem " before we have fashioned and wrought the stones thereof.

But presently, as they stand in the churchyard (it is now quite full and there is a new one on the other side of the road), they can see through the open door that the parson is giving out a hymn from a green-covered book. The organ strikes up " Franconia," the tune which Canon Havergal founded on a German melody ; but the words are Mr. Keble's, " Blest are the pure in heart." In a few minutes, from the same green book, there is announcement of the hymn before the sermon. The tune is of American origin, published in the lifetime of these two, yet not familiar to either. But the words—

they speak of the consecration of the life, moments and days, hands and feet, voice and lips, money and mind, will and heart and love. It is the hallmark of the saint to desire, amid all failures, to be

Ever, only, all for Thee.

ERNEST WORCESTER

HARTLEBURY CASTLE
September, 1927

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PART I

MEMOIR

MEMOIR

THE Christian Church has never lost hold of one sacred tradition. Down through the ages it has been the mother of saints, who lived the consecrated life. In every generation there were Christians who felt the full force of their Master's simple but awful saying, *No man can serve two masters*, and gave themselves up to Him in spirit and in truth. For them, all other interests and sympathies and desires fell far below that love which made them the bondsmen of Jesus Christ. Christians such as these appear under various guises. We discover them worshipping in diverse Communions, praying in strange tongues, scattered in lands far apart. Often they are simple, unlettered folk, compassed about with prejudice and superstition. But their divergences and defects seem of small account compared with the common passion which absorbs them and conforms them to Christ Himself. They are all alike in their great self-surrender, and we recognize them by this token: they bear in their bodies the brands of the Lord Jesus.

The following pages attempt to recall the

personality of an English lady who died nearly fifty years ago. Frances Ridley Havergal had none of the ordinary titles to fame. The daughter of a country clergyman, she spent her life among the conventions of middle-class society, like so many thousands of good, devout Churchwomen in Queen Victoria's reign. What singled her out from their rank and file was the note of absoluteness in her spiritual experience—that note which is the unfailing characteristic of Christian sanctity. In her training, in her religious belief, in her outlook on human affairs, there were not a few narrowing limitations; but in her consecration there was no limit and no reserve. She had learned the secret of abandonment, and she yielded herself utterly to God. Thereby she received her share in the beatitude which belongs to every surrendered heart. To her was granted a portion in the heritage of all saints—to comprehend what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the Love which passeth knowledge. By virtue of this, her writings reached and moved a multitude of souls with strange, penetrating power.

True saints have always been the salt of the Church. Moreover they become, without knowing it, mighty witnesses of faith to an incredulous world. In themselves they are the

humblest of the humble; they shrink from self-display, and often their earthly opportunities seem to be very few. But unconsciously they create round about them the atmosphere of the New Testament, and on their lips its tremendous words speak with primitive force and reality. There is no argument which arrests and convinces common men like the argument from the aureole. There is no miracle so potent as this miracle of the self-forgetful life which is hid with Christ in God. So long as the Church goes on producing saints — as it undoubtedly does — the Church remains unsubduable and immortal. For while that sign persists, whatever else may be lacking, the tabernacle of God is with men.

* * * *

When King William IV was reigning over these islands, and men were struggling for or against Parliamentary Reform, the peaceful little village of Astley, in Worcestershire, possessed for its rector the Rev. William Henry Havergal. He had gone up from Merchant Taylors' School to Oxford, where he graduated the year after Waterloo, and forthwith took orders and married. It was his happy fortune to win a beautiful girl, known among her neighbours at East Grinstead as "lovely Jane Head," who proved herself a

very devoted and practical wife. Her husband was a whole-hearted Evangelical clergyman, after the fashion of Charles Simeon. He preached the Gospel earnestly in a black gown. He administered the Holy Communion once a month. In his study, Calvin's tomes stood side by side with the works of Pearson and Hooker and Jeremy Taylor and many Puritan divines, and the commentaries of Scott and Matthew Henry. Mr. Havergal was a scholarly man, and found time to take a long succession of private pupils. An ardent supporter of foreign missions, he made tours in the West of England as a pioneer advocate of the Church Missionary Society. In each of his parishes he won respect and regard as a zealous painstaking pastor, an effective preacher, a kind-hearted Christian gentleman. Later on, when he became rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, his church was often crowded. He excelled in what were known as "typical sermons," and his daughter records that he once delivered a whole series of Lent lectures on the Queen of Sheba.

Among his fellow-clergy Mr. Havergal had, however, this unusual distinction: he was a gifted and well-trained musician, with a wide knowledge of psalmody. He himself composed cathedral services, as well as hundreds of chants and tunes. Handel and Corelli were his favourite

models, and he aimed at restoring and preserving purity of musical style. His volume, *Old Church Psalmody*, published in 1847, became the parent of most modern collections of Church tunes. It was to his work in this field that he owed his appointment as Honorary Canon of Worcester.

Under the roof of the rectory at Astley, a few months before Princess Victoria succeeded to the throne, Frances Ridley Havergal was born. Into that pious and sheltered home she came as the youngest in a family of two sons and four daughters. Looking back afterwards, they remembered their baby sister growing into a bright, high-spirited, affectionate child. They described her as extremely vivacious and agile, "a very fairy with golden curls," whom her father used to call "Little Quicksilver." From the first she was sensitive to the magic spell of nature. In her own words, "the quiet, everyday beauty of trees and sunshine was the chief external influence upon my early childhood. Waving boughs and golden light always touched and quieted me, and spoke to me and told me about God." When the family moved into Worcester, she grieved bitterly at leaving the fields and flowers, and felt like "a caged lark."

Quite early the child must have shown precocious intelligence. At the age of seven she began

to scribble hymns, and from nine onwards she would write fluent letters in rhyme and rhythm to her brothers and friends. In place of a governess, she had lessons from her mother, whom she loved with adoring tenderness. Alas! she was only twelve years old when that mother passed away, after months of lingering pain. Not long before the end, the dying woman said to her youngest child, very feebly, but solemnly: "Fanny, pray to God to prepare you for all He is preparing for you." That sentence never faded from the listener's memory. Thirty years afterwards, only a few weeks before her own death, she referred to it: "The words mamma taught me have been a life prayer with me. This preparing goes on; it is as when gaining one horizon, another and another spreads before you. So every event prepares us for the next that is prepared for us."

Soon after her mother died, F. R. H.—if we may use these familiar initials—went to visit her eldest married sister, who described her as a clever, amusing child, sometimes a little troublesome from excess of animal spirits, but always affectionate and grateful, reading a great deal of poetry and leaving volumes about in hayloft and manger and garden nooks. But the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts; and F. R. H.

could recall in after-years how even then she used to muse secretly over the strangeness and vanity of things.

A fresh chapter in experience opened when, at the age of fourteen, she was sent to a boarding-school in London. Mrs. Teed, a fervently Evangelical lady, had charge of more than a hundred pupils at "Belmont," near Campden Hill. The spiritual influences of school deepened and intensified the definite religious teaching which F. R. H. had received at home. "That single half-year was perhaps the most important to me of any in my life." Soon after her fifteenth birthday she records: "I committed my soul to the Saviour . . . and earth and heaven seemed bright from that moment."

A few months later, in 1851, Mr. Havergal married again. One of F. R. H.'s poetical epistles described her loving satisfaction at the event. That same summer she was sent to a smaller school at Powicke Court, near Worcester, under Miss Haynes—a lady who had enjoyed the friendship of Hannah More. But before the year ended she was obliged to return home on account of a severe attack of illness.

Next autumn, however, her father and his wife took her to Germany, where Mr. Havergal, whose eyes had long troubled him, spent the

winter under the care of a skilful oculist at Düsseldorf. Here F. R. H. attended the Louisenschüle, with excellent results. She studied ardently, and even "began to think in German." When the school-year ended in the summer of 1853, she came out first among the 110 pupils—a wonderful feat to be achieved in a foreign school by this English girl of seventeen, whose earlier education had been so casual and intermittent. For some months longer she went on studying at Obercassel, on the Rhine, under a German pastor who bore emphatic testimony to "her extraordinary ability and her knowledge of our most celebrated German authors." Before Christmas she returned with her parents to Worcester.

Her confirmation, which took place in Worcester Cathedral when she was eighteen, left deep and sacred memories. When the words *Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever*, were solemnly pronounced over her head, "if ever my heart followed a prayer, it did then; if ever it thrilled with earnest longing, not unmixed with joy, it did at the words *Thine for ever*." Year by year she faithfully kept the anniversary of that day of confirmation and consecration.

Some people take for granted that saintly

character must be associated with weak-minded sentimentalism. If that word means the power of deep and strong affection, F. R. H. was assuredly sentimental. But her great capacity for loving was combined with abilities of no mean order. Though Girton might not pronounce her highly educated, yet judged by early Victorian standards she grew up into a very intelligent and accomplished woman. Under her father's guidance at Worcester she carried on steady reading and composition in German and French as well as English. She also acquired a fair amount of Latin and some Italian. She mastered sufficient Greek to enjoy the Greek Testament, and she knew enough Hebrew to consult habitually the Hebrew text of Scripture. She composed hymns in French and in German, and made an English version of one of Heine's ballads. But she was much more than a linguist. There are comparatively few of the "new women" to-day who could repeat her quiet remark: "I do not think any book will seem so difficult to you after you have mastered Butler's *Analogy*." Towards the end of her life, she sent a young ordinand a set of Goodwin's works, "which you won't care twopence for at present, so you needn't profess to. But I believe you will care for it if, please God, this time ten years

or so, you are bringing out of His treasure things new and old. Goodwin is one of the grandest of the seventeenth-century writers—much too solid for modern taste, but full of Christ and the deep things of God." She was familiar with works like the Duke of Argyll's volume on *The Reign of Law*. Maurice and Kingsley lay outside her theological orbit; and while she admired F. W. Robertson immensely for his intellect and style, she considered that he gave the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood an emphasis which it does not receive in the New Testament.

Among English poets she was devoted to Milton and to George Herbert and to E. B. Browning. Mr. Havergal's Puritan prejudices, however, laid an embargo on light literature for his children, and he strongly discountenanced all novels; so that they grew up ignorant of Scott and Dickens and Thackeray. When she was a woman of three-and-thirty F. R. H. confessed: "I am reading the Globe edition of Shakespeare —it was forbidden ground in my younger days. . . . I have also made acquaintance with R. Browning. *Paracelsus* is marvellous—love alone and knowledge alone imperfect life—union of both the true thing. But he is tiring to read, and wants great attention." At the age of forty she made this characteristic admission to a friend:

"I had never read *King Lear*, so I took down Shakespeare. . . . But I was not in the humour for that sort of reading and soon turned to the Bible and felt voracious." There seems, indeed, no sign that she was deeply influenced by any literature outside Holy Scripture.

To F. R. H. the Bible always appealed as God's Word, which is not only above every other book, but is *sui generis* unlike all the rest. Here, again, she took for granted the current ecclesiastical tradition accepted as an axiom by Churchmen of her own school. She was quite innocent of those critical researches which in recent years have done so much to illuminate the record of Divine revelation. To her mind, any verse of Scripture spoke with the same authority as any other verse, and they might be dovetailed for purposes of edification with that kind of devout ingenuity which St. Augustine often displays in quoting from the Vulgate. She enjoyed piecing together what she called "a bit of Bible mosaic." In the preface to a short collection of her hymns she claimed that "almost every line has been either directly drawn from Holy Scripture, or may be proved thereby." Much of the English Bible she literally knew by heart, as Ruskin did. And her devotional writing at times resembled a woven tissue of texts, such as we discover in some

of Newman's sermons. Indeed, this nineteenth-century lady merely followed the habit of bishops and saints in the Medieval Church [1] and of fathers in the Reformed Church, who were so saturated with Scripture that its sacred words and phrases became their natural vocabulary.

Her theology might be described as the theology of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which Bunyan leaves so little room for priests and sacraments. Indeed, many would admit that F. R. H. failed to grasp in its fullness the corporate reality of Christian fellowship. To her mind the whole Oxford movement seemed alien from the simplicity of the Gospel, and what she saw of the Roman Church in Ireland and on the Continent filled her with revulsion and dismay.

Concerning Evangelical English ladies of that period it has been said that they unconsciously divided their fellow-creatures into three classes: (1) gentlefolk, including themselves; (2) servants, gardeners, and tradespeople; (3) the heathen in distant lands. We must recognize also that F. R. H. spent nearly all her life in country villages, or in Worcester, a small cathedral town,

[1] For example, Archbishop Bardo, of Mainz, preached a sermon before the Emperor Conrad at Goslar, on St. John's Day, A.D. 1031, which is largely a catena of Biblical quotations. Curious extracts will be found in Maitland's *Dark Ages*, pp. 479–488.

or in Leamington, a genteel health-resort. She had no experience of our swarming, toiling cities. She knew next to nothing about factories and gin-palaces and grimy slums. She never saw the inside of a theatre. On the other hand, wherever her lot was cast, she continually went about doing good. She shared her father's zeal for Christian propaganda. Like him, she was a generous and indefatigable friend of institutions like the Church Missionary Society and the Irish Society [1] and the Bible Society. Indeed, she confessed that "all my life it has been a sort of castle in the air to be a missionary." Her spare time was crowded with Bible classes and Sunday School classes, or with Bible readings for the Y.W.C.A., and latterly with work in the cause of Gospel Temperance. She also kept up an extensive private correspondence with numbers of persons—especially girls and women—who sought her spiritual counsel and help. God had trusted her with varied gifts, and she used them all to the uttermost.

It would be altogether false to think of F. R. H. as a morbid, melancholy invalid. Here is a picture of what she appeared at the age of twenty, when

[1] "The Irish Society for Promoting the Scriptural and Religious Education of the Irish-Speaking Population, chiefly through the medium of their own language." This has now been merged in the Irish Church Mission.

on a visit to her married sister, Mrs. Shaw, who was then living in a country house near Dublin: "Carolling like a bird she flashed into the room like a burst of sunshine, like a hillside breeze . . . her fair sunny curls falling round her shoulders, her bright eyes dancing. With her sweet fresh voice she sang chants and hymns, and played Handel." This personal attractiveness she never lost. Even in later years, after she had endured more than one painful illness, the main impression she left was that of "infectious vivacity." Her nephews and nieces all adored her; she shared their sports, and invented charades and acrostics for their amusement, understood their difficulties, and wrote them humorous, sympathetic letters in rhyme. As a young woman of twenty-five, she excelled in riding and swimming and skating. Ten years later, a mountaineer who watched her climb the Eggishorn declared that she "went up like a chamois." The next summer she wrote from North Wales: "I have been all over and all round and all about Snowdonia without ever taking any guide. . . . I seem able to find my way about the mountains like a Red Indian, even where there is no track at all." She radiated health of body and happiness of soul. When someone had described a hymn-singing party as "religiously jolly," she wrote: "the

expression by no means displeased me, because it is just what I wish, to get people to connect religion with all that is pleasant and joyful. *Him serve with mirth.*"

From her father, F. R. H. inherited a special faculty for music, which his training developed and intensified. Under skilled teachers she became an attractive vocalist, and in her younger days often sang the contralto solos in Oratorios at local festivals. She mastered the intricacies of harmony and counterpoint; and at Cologne the German musician, Hiller, to whom she submitted some compositions, gave emphatic praise to her power of harmonization, and declared unhesitatingly that she had enough talent to devote herself to music seriously as a life-work. After Mr. Havergal's death she was able to prepare and see through the press a new edition of his *Psalmody*. Besides writing tunes for her own hymns, she did a great deal of anonymous and laborious work in revising the music to *Hymns of Consecration and Faith*. She also gave invaluable service to her friend, the Rev. C. B. Snepp, as joint editor, in bringing out his volume, *Songs of Grace and Glory*, which included 1,000 hymns. It must be confessed that Mr. Sankey's *Songs and Solos* proved a trial to her cultivated musical taste. She had no keener pleasure than to

render on the piano the best of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Schubert. One of her poems is an attempt to translate into words the famous "Moonlight Sonata." She described music as the only universal language, understood by men of every tongue and by the angels, too. "It is a sort of alphabet of the language of heaven—not any more equal to it, of course, than an A.B.C. book is to Milton—but a sort of introduction." "Next to prayer, nothing is so healing and calming as to pour out oneself in music. Not in singing—there one is limited by words—but playing: it restores the balance marvellously . . . this 'antidote of medicated music.'" F. R. H. would have endorsed every word of Luther's verdict: "Music is a fair gift of God and near allied to divinity . . . next unto Theologia I give the place and highest honour to Musica."

The womanhood of F. R. H. was a tranquil, sheltered existence, with no adventures and few striking incidents. Her years from eighteen to twenty-six were spent in modest comfort at her father's rectory in Worcester. When he removed in 1861 to a living at Shareshill, a Staffordshire village near Wolverhampton, she found a happy "second home" with her eldest married sister,

ASTLEY RECTORY, WHERE MISS HAVERGAL WAS BORN

Mrs. Henry Crane, at Oakhampton, a country house not far from Astley, her birthplace. Another married sister, Mrs. Shaw, came to settle four miles away at Winterdyne—a large white house standing in wooded grounds on a ridge of rocks above the Severn. At Oakhampton, for five or six years, F. R. H. took charge of the education of two little nieces. During these years she began to contribute hymns and poems to *Good Words* and other magazines. She was thirty-one when her father retired in 1867 to Leamington, where she returned to him and his wife, devoting herself to them loyally and patiently for the next ten years. Her first volume of poems appeared in 1869, when she was thirty-three, under the title *The Ministry of Song*. Issued by Messrs. Nisbet, it proved the beginning of her intimate and unbroken connection with this firm of publishers, who became her valued friends. In 1870 her father died suddenly, followed by her stepmother after a long and distressing illness in 1878. Later that year F. R. H. joined her maiden sister, Maria, at Caswall Bay, near the Mumbles, where she herself died in June, 1879, at the age of forty-two.

In many respects F. R. H. remained to the end of her days, and to the tips of her fingers, a maiden lady of the early Victorian period. That type

has almost disappeared, but some of us recall and revere its gentle dignity, its pure and delicate piety, its abounding charity, its sound spiritual common sense. No doubt these Victorian ladies had certain feminine foibles and limitations. They indulged in embroidery and antimacassars and crinolines. F. R. H. herself excelled in fine needlework; she never quite left off wearing ringlets, and she owned that she always felt timid at meeting cows. Like crowds of her contemporaries she admired Doré's pictures. In her correspondence she used to underline words as copiously as did Queen Victoria. She would produce a loyal effusion in connection with the wedding or the funeral of a Princess. Public affairs, however, seldom troubled her pen. She protested in verse against Bismarck's brutality to Denmark in 1864, and she grieved over Irish Disestablishment in 1869. But it was on quite a different plane that her indignation kindled at the idea of banishing the Bible from Board Schools, and in 1873 she composed a satirical diatribe in racy vernacular rhyme, which was printed and distributed as a leaflet by the National Education Union. It was headed *An Educated Topsy. Scene: A Dust-Heap. Topsy harangues young Birmingham.* This anonymous leaflet, however, formed F. R. H.'s first and last contribution to

political literature. She shrank from publicity and notoriety. Two years before her death she wrote: "I am not one of those terrible 'strong-minded women,' I think we have quite 'rights' enough in proportion to our powers and position."

Undergraduates of the present day, who style themselves Neo-Georgians and despise their grandparents, point the finger of scorn at a generation when people revered the Prince Consort and read the philosophy of Martin Tupper and the poetry of Eliza Cook; when, according to modern standards, the men were mostly prigs and the women were mostly prudes. Yet a wider knowledge of history and human nature might teach such critics that Christian saintliness in no way depends upon time and fashion and circumstance; it can exist not only behind the bars of a bare nunnery, but quite as truly in an old-fashioned parlour, surrounded by oleographs and Berlin woolwork and wax flowers. The life of Frances Ridley Havergal appeared outwardly uneventful, and it was brief as we reckon years. But it was lived simply and austerely in the conscious presence of Christ, and guided by Christ's immediate hand. She filled each day with eager, unselfish Christian service, combined with dutiful loyalty to her own kith and kin. The remarkable influence which she has exerted

proceeded from her own inward consecration, and the prose and verse which her consecration inspired. For she belonged to the blessed company of those who hunger and thirst after God Himself, and are never finally disappointed. And the secrets of that sacred experience can only be revealed in her own words, borrowed from letters to a few of her intimate friends.

* * * *

At the age of twenty-eight she wrote :

" I think the great root of all my trouble and alienation is that I do not now make an unreserved surrender of myself to God ; and until this is done I shall know no peace. I am sure of it. I have so much to regret : a greater dread of the opinion of worldly friends, a loving of the world, and a proportionate cooling of heavenly desire and love. A power [of singing and composing music] utterly new and unexpected was given me, and rejoicing in this I forgot the Giver, and found such delight in this that other things paled before it. It need not have been so ; and in better moments I prayed that, if it were indeed hindering me, the gift of song might be withdrawn. And now that through my ill-health it is so, and that the pleasure of public applause when singing in the Philharmonic concerts is not again to exercise its delirious delusion, I do thank Him who heard my prayer. But I often pray in the

dark, as it were, and feel no response from above. . . . No one professing to be a Christian at all could possibly have had a more cloudy, fearing, doubting, sinning, and wandering heart history than mine has been through many years. The first part of this year (1865) I was very poorly . . . having to give up everything, Sunday School, and Saturday evening class, visiting, music, etc. It was very trying . . . but it was good for me; I was able to feel thankful for it, and to be glad that God had taken me in hand, as it were . . . but it seems as if my spiritual life would never go without weight, and I dread needing more discipline."

A year later she wrote:

"You may think it strange, but I have long almost shrunk from going to the Sacrament, dreading the being sent empty away. Oh, if He would but grant my request just once—that I might 'taste and see'. Communion Sundays are so often my saddest days; great tension of feeling, longing unsatisfied desire, and sorrowful feeling, followed by the reaction of miserable apathy."

Yet the following confession, written at about the same period, displays a healthy temperament counterbalancing her spiritual depression:

"I have an elasticity which often makes me wonder at myself, a power of throwing myself

into my present interest or enjoyment, though the sorrow is only suspended, not removed."

At the age of thirty she wrote, during an illness :

" It has been very trying to me, this ill-health, very humbling to be a burden and a care, when I would rather have been a help and a lightener. . . . For six months I am thus held back from anything at all."

" I have had to lay my poetizing aside. And yet such open doors seemed set before me. Perhaps the check is sent just that I may consecrate what I do more entirely."

" I have a curiously vivid sense, not merely of my verse faculty in general being given me, but of every separate poem, or hymn, nay even every line being given. I never write the simplest thing now without a prayer for help."

Nevertheless, this dependence of spirit went hand in hand with originality of thought. Elsewhere she confessed in regard to her poems :

" I never write unless I have a very strong impression on my mind. . . . I find I have to quarry my own stones, and that it is hardly ever possible to take up a line of thought suggested by another mind."

Philip Sidney has bequeathed us in a single verse the completest *Ars Poetica* extant :

" *Foole, saide my Muse to mee, looke in thine hearte and write.*"

And that precept is to be obeyed—as Mrs. Browning insisted—not only at feast times, fast times, or curfew times, not only at times of crisis and emotion, but at all hours of the clock. For the essence of originality is not newness ; it is merely genuineness ; in a word, it is to drink for oneself from the Everlasting Fountain, " instead of being content with the hot, unrefreshing drainage from other men's meadows."

In the course of that same year F. R. H. wrote again :

" It seems as if the Lord had led me into a calmer and more equable frame of mind ; not joy but peace. . . . I have been appropriating the promises with a calm sort of twilight happiness, waiting for a clearer light to show me their full beauty and value. . . . I have been so happy lately . . . I am sure now (and I never was before) that I do love God. I love Him distinctly, positively ; and I think I have loved Him more and longer than I thought, only I dared not own it to myself. Oh that I loved Him more and more."

It was at Berne, soon after sunrise one June morning when she was thirty-two, that she had her first glimpse of the Alps.

"So now the dream of my life is realized, and I have seen snow mountains! . . . I always thought of eternal snow and perfect peace together, and longed to see the one and drink in the other. And I am not disappointed . . . I never saw anything material and earthly which so suggested the ethereal and heavenly, which so seemed to lead up to the unseen, to be the very steps of the Throne."

Ruskin has recorded in *Præterita* his own first sight of the Alps—"clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we have ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death."

During one of her later visits to Switzerland, F. R. H. wrote: "As for the Jungfrau, my conclusion is that I can better understand worshipping *that* than any form of idolatry I ever heard of. It is simply impertinent to apply any adjective to that majesty of silent, shining eternal snow." She wrote again: "My

favourite mountain verse is : *Unto Thee, O Lord, do we give thanks, for that Thy name is near Thy wondrous works declare*" ; and added quaintly, "It is very difficult to believe that David never was in Switzerland."

At the age of thirty-three the following letter to an intimate friend came from her pen :

"I cannot write, and never yet have written, beyond my own personal experience. I need to have felt a theme and lived into it before I can write about it. And the better a hymn or poem of mine is, the more the feeling from which it arose generally exceeded it. It is only when anything is burning in my heart that I write my best, though I can express but little of it. Now this great theme [on which she had been urged to write] is one into which I have not thus personally entered. I am, I hope, approaching it, but the view is pale and distant as yet . . . if it would please God to reveal the glory of the subject to my own soul, then, and only then, I could write what you want. Somehow I do not feel as if my heart were now in a truly receptive state for such a revelation, even if I dared to hope now for what I have prayed for (often very long, and I think I may say agonizingly) for so many years."

The sudden death of F. R. H.'s beloved father in 1870, when she was thirty-three, left a sorrowful blank in his home at Leamington. It need not

be disguised that her widowed step-mother had an imperious and jealous temperament, and became increasingly exacting and difficult to live with. In October, 1870, F. R. H. wrote :

" How kind and thoughtful you are. Home life is very different, and in spite of my pleasant work, very sad. No one guesses how much I miss dear Papa, because I can flash up and talk and laugh when spoken to, and people (Mamma included) think, of course, that, because I can do so, I do not feel it much. But God knows how intensely I miss him and how desolate and fatherless I do feel, and how there are no smiles, but often enough tears, when I am quite alone."

A few months later she wrote to a friend :

" It does seem wonderful that God should so use and bless my hymns ; and yet it really does seem as if the seal of His own blessing were set upon them, for so many testimonials have reached me. Writing is *praying* with me, for I never seem to write even a verse by myself, and feel like a little child writing ; you know a child would look up at every sentence and say, ' And what shall I say next ? ' That is just what I do ; I ask that at every line He would give me, not merely thoughts and power, but also every word, even the very rhymes."

In the summer of 1872 she wrote from North Wales :

"I think, thank God, I have rather given up forgetting and doubting. I really do not see why I should go on questioning the everlasting Love to me, which has given such proofs of my portion in it, by certainly drawing me with so much loving kindness. So I have shelved that doubt, I trust for ever, and am just giving thanks instead for the great things He hath done for me. . . . I seemed to have arrears of prayer, things I wanted, as it were, to talk over and to talk out with God, and especially the three last evenings at Harlech, when I went out alone for the purpose; I found two or three hours not too long for uninterrupted communion of this kind."

The following letter was written at the age of thirty-five, when ill-health compelled her to give up much of her work at Leamington, and especially the training of St. Paul's voluntary choir:

"I am stopped in every attempt at consecutive work. It has for years been special discipline to me, because I am naturally fond of going through with a thing, and have always had a strong yearning for definite settled work. Yet I have never been permitted anything but desultory work; either ailments or something beyond my own control has always interfered ever since I was about twenty. . . . I feel such a 'cumberer,' everyone doing more and better than myself. Pray for me, that I may really learn all He is teaching me."

"I am always getting surprises at my own stupidity. . . . This only confirms my strong belief that if I am to write to any good, a great deal of living must go to a very little writing, and that is why I have always been held back from writing a tithe of what I wanted to write; and I see the wisdom of it."

"I have been resting lately upon *The Lord is my portion*. . . . Even the best earthly gifts or pleasures so fail to reach the true depths of the heart . . . that I turn more and more wistfully to the only rest and satisfaction—even Himself. . . . What could one do without Him in this lonely world of shadows? . . . He will not let us do without Him. And I wonder whether we may not wonderingly and reverently say, 'Neither can He do without us' . . . His people are so entwined with His heart that it must be so. *For the Lord's portion is His people*."

The following extracts come from letters written within the next few months:

"Did you ever hear of anyone being very much used for Christ who did not have some special waiting time, some complete upset of his or her plans first? . . . When I thought the door was flung open for me to go with a bound into literary work . . . the doctor steps in and says 'Never! She must choose between writing and living, she can't do both.' That was

in 1860. Then I came out of the shell with *The Ministry of Song* in 1869, and saw the evident wisdom of having been kept nine years waiting in the shade."

"Where is your faith? Can any place or position in which the Master puts me be really bad for me and His use of me? . . . Depend upon it, it is not only good but best, instead of the very worst, for me in the long run. I am even conscious that it is so. It is just the discipline I needed, the counteractive to success and affection and being 'spoken well of.' It is just the thing to train me in the underground graces which cannot be developed without a certain sort of adversity. I have been a gainer by it, were it only learning to hold my tongue and not answering again. . . . Nevertheless, I am very thankful for the quiet of deliverance."

"God's love being unchangeable, He is just as loving when we do not see or feel His love . . . so He withholds the enjoyment and conscious progress, because He knows best what will really ripen and further His work in us."

* * * *

It was in the closing weeks of the year 1873, when F. R. H. was approaching her thirty-seventh birthday, that she entered on a new and wonderful experience which transfigured the remainder of her life. To understand its nature and meaning, we must make some attempt to relate it with

corresponding experiences which visited many other English Christians about that same time.

All the ways of the Holy Ghost are unsearchable. The wind bloweth where it listeth—who can tell whence or whither? We know nothing, except that our spiritual atmosphere may be invaded by mysterious cyclones and anti-cyclones which no one is able to fathom or predict. The original effects of preaching the Gospel have been described [1] in words which apply more or less to every genuine revival. Such quickenings come to pass through an inward and secret power; by outward instruments indeed, but with results far higher than those instruments. We can only confess that God Himself touches many souls at once in many places. Upon the first voice of the preacher, upon a hint, a mere whisper in the air, a deep response follows from many lips, one and all proclaiming Christ. For the Spirit of the Lord has descended, and there are thrilling hearts and tremulous voices and eager eyes on every side. It is a visitation, where the weak become strong and the last become first. Once again God is moving among men, as of old. He is diffusing His Presence and multiplying His Image and manifesting His Love,

[1] See J. H. Newman: *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, pp. 310–311.

according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.

The sacred contagion of such a season is too profound and wonderful to be explained away by theories and phrases about herd-psychology. Christian experience proves, indeed, that we are most truly members one of another when we share in a community of blessing, when we kneel side by side to partake together in the abounding and unifying grace of God. These paragraphs cannot attempt to discuss the philosophy of revivals. But we may trace some outward signs and tokens of the widespread spiritual quickening which visited Great Britain between 1870 and 1876, and was felt for the time being almost like a change of religious climate. It reached many different communions and schools of theological thought. Water from hidden fountains rose silently in ancient wells of drought. Even so cautious and thoughtful an observer as Hort, writing to Westcott in the first week of 1873, described an impressive devotional service in the University Church at Cambridge, and added : "Assuredly the springs of life are strangely breaking forth anew."

One factor in the religious life of F. R. H. was due, more or less directly, to the Rev. William Pennefather. This single-hearted clergyman had

removed in 1864 from Barnet to become vicar of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park. Under his auspices a commonplace suburban parish became the headquarters of a remarkable Christian movement; and from the spacious Mildmay Conference Hall, which he erected there, spiritual influence radiated far and wide. While he preached strict Evangelical doctrines of the early Victorian type, he was a man of intense faith and fervent zeal, concerned specially to promote the deepening of Christian life. One of his curates, the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, became perhaps the most prominent missioner of the day. It was by Mr. Pennefather's invitation that Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey crossed the Atlantic in June, 1873—to learn, when they landed at Liverpool, that he had just died. His memorable nine years' ministry at Mildmay Park is still bearing fruit, both at home and in the mission field.

Mr. Moody has been recognized, even by his critics, as the most capable, honest, and unselfish evangelist of the last generation. During 1873 and 1874 he and Mr. Sankey carried on missions in the chief cities and towns of Scotland with extraordinary success. Subsequently, at Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Liverpool, the largest buildings were crowded day after day. Then followed a series of unprecedented meetings

in London, where the Agricultural Hall, Islington, seated with 14,000 chairs, could not contain the throngs that hung upon Mr. Moody's words. Whatever judgment be formed as to his theology or his methods, it is beyond question that no modern mission preacher stirred such multitudes of men and women to begin a new life.

Side by side with this impressive evangelism, there arose a less public endeavour to realize what was described—not very felicitously—as the Higher Christian life. More than one American writer had for some years been publishing books on the subject; and in 1874 some notable gatherings took place at Clifton and Oxford, followed in 1875 by a larger convention at Brighton. At those meetings Mrs. Pearsall Smith, a Quaker lady from Philadelphia, worked in concert with a few English clergy and ministers including A. W. W. Christopher, of Oxford, T. D. Hartford Battersby, of Keswick, and H. Webb-Peploe. In the summer of 1875 Canon Battersby invited a small company of friends to join him at Keswick and hold "three days' union meetings for the promotion of practical holiness." In such unpretending fashion began the Keswick Convention, which still takes place year after year.

The distinctive message of this movement was

delivered by men who had themselves passed through a definite experience of the living power of God, and who called upon their hearers by an act of renewed faith and self-surrender to enter into full Christian light and liberty not realized hitherto. In the language of some American speakers on this deep subject there was certainly a lack of balance, to say the least. But the better-instructed English teachers strongly disclaimed anything which could be called "sinless perfection." To quote one of them: "There is no such thing as a perfect sinner; but there is a perfect Saviour, and we ought not to think of His grace for us as imperfect."

The spiritual influence above described penetrated to unexpected quarters. Dora Greenwell, for example, was a woman of rare intellectual gifts, who held high sacramental doctrine. Her writings reveal her mastery of theological ideas, expressed in language of impassioned beauty and distinction. Yet a friend of hers has recorded [1] how Dora Greenwell, who was then over fifty, drank in Mrs. Pearsall Smith's message at Clifton, uttered as it was in terms of almost crude simplicity, and how it proved to her a key to the secrets of God. She entered upon a fresh, radiant experience

[1] See *The Life of Dora Greenwell*, by Constance Maynard, pp. 147–149.

of inward happiness, such that she was beaming and brimming over with love and joy.

Souls that hunger and thirst after righteousness cannot remain irresponsive to the spiritual temperature and tension amid which their fellow-Christians are living and moving. It was during this season of Divine visitation that F. R. H. herself entered on a new experience which must be described in her own words :

" On Advent Sunday, December 2, 1873, I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash of electric light, and what you see you can never unsee. There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by one into the other. You know how singularly I have been withheld from attending all conventions and conferences ; man's teaching, therefore, had but little to do with it. First, I was shown that *The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin*, and then it was made plain to me that He who had thus cleansed me had power to keep me clean ; so I just utterly yielded myself to Him, and utterly trusted Him to keep me. . . .

" I see there can be the renewal of the surrender, as in our Communion Service where we say : ' And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies.' And there may also be a fuller surrender, even long after a surrender has once or many times before been

made. . . . That sanctification is the work of the Holy Spirit is the very thing I see and rejoice in. . . .

"As to 'perfectionism,' or 'sinlessness,' I have all along, and over and over again, said I never did, or do not, hold either. 'Sinlessness' belongs only to Christ now, and to our glorified state in heaven. I believe it to be not merely an impossibility on earth, but an actual contradiction of our very being, which cannot be 'sinless' till the resurrection change has passed upon us. But being kept from falling, kept from sins, is quite another thing, and the Bible seems to teem with commands and promises about it. . . . Why should we pare down the commands and promises of God to the level of what we have hitherto experienced of what God is able to do, or even of what we have thought that He might be able to do for us? Why not receive God's promises, nothing doubting, just as they stand?

"I am so thankful that, in the whole matter, there was as little human instrumentality as well could be, for certainly two sentences in letters from a total stranger were little . . . all the rest was, I am sure, God's own direct teaching. As you know, I have read no books and attended no meetings or conferences! I am so conscious of His direct teaching and guidance, through His word and Spirit, in the matter that I cannot think that I can ever unsee it again. I have waited months before writing this, so it is no new or untested theory to me; in fact, experience came before theory, and is more to me than any

theory. But, understand me, it is *not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*"

A few weeks later she wrote in regard to a severe trouble which had befallen her:

"Two months ago this would have been a real trial to me . . . now *Thy will be done* is not a sigh but only a song! . . . Several times lately I have felt literally overwhelmed and overpowered with the realization of God's unspeakable goodness to me. I say it deliberately, and with thankfulness and joy for which I have no words. I have not a fear, or a doubt, or a care, or a shadow upon the sunshine of my heart."

Again, she wrote in May, 1874:

"The wonderful and glorious blessing, which so many Christians are testifying to having found, was suddenly, marvellously, sent to me last winter; and life is now what I never imagined life on earth could be, though I knew much of peace and joy in believing. . . .

"It seems as if a call were going forth to His own children to make a more complete surrender of their whole selves and lives, and to enter into a fullness of consecration, which I for one had not realized before."

More than two years afterwards, in 1876, she declared :

" It's no mistake about the blessing God sent me on December 2, 1873 ; it is far more distinct than my conversion (I can't date that). I am always happy and it is such peace. . . .

" How infinitely blessed it is to be entirely Christ's ! To think that you and I are never to have another care or another fear, but that Jesus has undertaken simply everything for us. . . .

" I keep wondering every day what new loving kindness is coming next ! It is such a glorious life ! And the really leaving everything to Him is so inexpressibly sweet, and surely He does arrange so much better than we could for ourselves when we leave it all to Him. . . .

" Yes, I could not read His prescription, but I can now take it without trying to spell it. I see that my growth in grace is His affair, and that He is certainly taking care of it, even though I don't see it."

* * * *

In the autumn of 1874, F. R. H. was attacked by a severe and dangerous illness, which involved acute suffering and brought her face to face with death. She made a very gradual and chequered recovery. After six months' painful prostration she was able to write :

" This long illness has certainly been the crowning mercy of a series of varied and great

mercies, with which the Lord seemed almost to overwhelm me, ever since He led me into that perfect fullness of rest into which so many are now entering."

Later on, she wrote to a friend in America :

"I was taken ill last October with typhoid fever ; but what with sundry relapses and results, it was a very suffering illness ; it will be months yet ere I am likely to be able for anything beyond the little quiet opportunities of an invalid. But I do wish I could tell you how good God has been to me ! It has been worth far more than all the suffering to prove His faithfulness, and to find how tenderly gracious He can be just when one most needs it. *Great is Thy faithfulness* shines out upon the past, and *I will fear no evil* on the future. . . .

"If I had chosen for myself, I should have liked some definite service on which I could have consecrated energies and time, but the Master chose otherwise ; and over and above the happy certainty that His choice is best, I think I can see that His seeming hinderings have been furtherings, and that He has really permitted me to do more for Him in His way than I could have done in my own, and has given me a wider influence. . . .

"Perhaps my specialities are direct personal work with individuals, chiefly young ladies, and 'singing for Jesus' ; in these God has blessed me so abundantly that often I feel as if I could not praise Him enough, even in heaven."

In the autumn of 1875, she wrote from Whitby:

"It always seemed to me harder to trust the Lord about His own affairs than about one's own. . . . But quite lately He has taught me to cast the burden of His cause upon Him, and I am so glad He has. It had long seemed easy to cast all my own care upon Him, and to be utterly restful."

Towards the close of that year she wrote again:

"I have just begun to work a little, as a sort of 'half-timer' (to use the factory expression), after twelve months of 'calling apart': typhoid fever, which with relapse and results kept me ill for eight months, and part of the time very suffering, and then four months of very slow convalescence. But it has been the most precious year of my life to me. It is worth any suffering to prove for oneself the truth of *When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.*"

In the autumn of 1876, during a slight recurrence of her previous illness, she wrote:

"Isn't it odd that I should be *hors de combat* just now? And yet it is stranger still not to feel even the least temptation to say 'How excessively provoking!' as I should have been saying three years ago; so everything only proves how real the peace of God is. I have not a fear or a

flutter, not a care or anxiety, for time or eternity. . . . Only, I have not the vivid joy of December, 1873. . . . But then I have deeper experience in several respects, and anyhow I have made trial of His love."

Although able to carry on a considerable amount of literary work, her health remained fluctuating. In 1877, when she was forty, she wrote as follows to a lifelong friend who had gone out to undertake Zenana mission work in India :

" I have but little physical strength ; perhaps He withholds the active service ; and also I see His wisdom in, all along, having held me back from any chance of Conferences, or hearing speakers of any sort, for several years past (with the sole exception of the Mildmay Conference in 1874). For, if I had, I should have learned from men, and should necessarily have echoed what I heard from them in what I write."

We may quote the following emphatic letter, written about the same time :

" Please see if you can find any syllable of mine, written, spoken, or printed, which either states or implies that ' the infection of sin is or can be wholly eradicated ! ' . . . Perhaps the very strongest expression I ever used (if indeed I have used it) would be ' continuous victory.' And what does that imply but a foe that is *not* annihilated ? The very fact of a continual

subduing, however complete, proves the continual existence of the foe which is being subdued, and which, without being continually subdued, would be again active and conquering."

In the last month of that year, just after her forty-first birthday, she wrote to an intimate friend: "Pray for me . . . for I am passing through some of the strangest, as well as the keenest, trials I ever had, which is saying a good deal!"

It was in May, 1878, after many months of lingering and most painful illness, that Mr. Havergal's widow passed away, nursed and tenderly watched over by her step-daughter to the very end.

Their home at Leamington had now to be finally broken up, and many of its relics dispersed. The following sentences occur, however, in a letter written during that trying experience:

"I wish I could entirely tell it out how good God is to me. Don't you find there are some things one can say better than write? I can't write at all, as I would, how good He is; the ink would boil in my pen."

Here we may record a characteristic act of detachment and self-denial, just before she left Leamington:

"I have shipped off all my jewellery to the C.M.S. . . . so of course I never enjoyed packing a box [1] so much. Fifty-three articles! But I have reserved my portrait brooch of dear Papa for daily wear . . . I really want only one brooch."

"If there is faithfulness and soundness to be had in the Church on earth at all, it is in the C.M.S. —the grandest and most uncompromising of all evangelical societies—except that one may bracket the Bible Society with it. Not one touch of any evil leaven has been permitted by God's mercy to enter it from any side."

That autumn F. R. H. and her dearly-loved sister Maria Havergal joined forces and settled down together in comfortable lodgings at the Mumbles, on the ridge of the western horn of Swansea Bay. F. R. H. wrote: "I don't think I ever felt more thankful and glad for anything than on reaching this quiet little nest." Here she spent the closing months of her life. The following extract comes from a letter written just after the sisters became installed in their new surroundings:

"As for under the surface, of course it is the old story of marvels of love and faithfulness, from microscopically minute to grandly magnificent, and sometimes the minutest seem the most magnificent. I don't think all the previous years, put together, equal this last twelvemonth

[1] The contents realized £50.

for these daily miracles of love. Only, most of them, and the most wonderful, are from special circumstances, such as have to remain among the secrets between one's own soul and the ever dearer Master."

Thus while her experience ripened and deepened, she realized—as saintly souls come to realize profoundly—how incommunicable are some of God's dealings with His elect, how it is not lawful to utter

"The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us."

In her peaceful retreat at the Mumbles, F. R. H. began to gain strength from the sea-air, and could devote herself to writing. At Christmas, however, she suffered from pain and weariness which are reflected in the following extract:

"What books I should write if I had time! I wonder if I shall always be so pressed with other things. . . . I do hope the angels will have orders to let me alone a bit, when I first get to heaven."

She became engrossed in preparing a book intended especially for invalids; and from the Mumbles she sent to her friendly publisher this

revealing letter, written in May, 1879, only a month before she died :

" I don't think I have got any *real* commission to write anything at all for next season except the invalid book. . . . I quite see all you said, but then God has given you a definite calling, and therefore it is your duty before Him to fulfil it from a business point of view ; but He has not given me any duty of the sort at all, and I believe I am going off the lines of my special calling altogether if once I begin thinking of it as a matter of business and success and cheques and all that, and I can't expect the same blessing in it. And so, though, of course, it stands to reason that the invalid book must have a very limited circulation compared to the others, I shall be much happier doing that, and I believe I shall have more real, i.e. spiritual results from it, than if I set myself to do those I subsequently thought of ; because I do think God gave me the thought and the wish to do the one, whereas the thought of doing the others this season seemed to me to arise rather out of having got that big cheque. No one can be more delighted than I am to get those same cheques ; but so far as I know myself, I have never yet taken them into consideration when thinking of writing any one of my little books, and finding myself doing so, made me just miserable. . . . I did not mean to tell you all this, but if I did not, you might think I was fickle and perhaps idle, and that it was no

good giving me advice. I hope you won't be vexed and disappointed with me; you don't know how really grateful I feel for all you have said and done."

That volume, *Starlight through the Shadows*, she did not live to see published. On Ascension Day, May 22nd, she was able to attend the Communion Service, but caught a feverish chill, which developed into severe peritonitis. On Whit-Monday, the day before she died, she whispered to a friend: "There is no bottom to God's mercy and love; all His promises are true, not one thing hath failed." Early next morning she could repeat: "There hath not failed one word of all His good promise." In a few hours the end came, on June 3, 1879. She was only forty-two years of age. Her grave in Astley churchyard is beside the burial-place of her father and her step-mother. The stone above it records that "by her writings in prose and verse she being dead yet speaketh."

* * * *

Why are God's saints so rare? Not because He is frugal of His best gifts or exclusive in His high calling; but because strait is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be that find it. Purification of spirit comes not by toilsome effort,

not by the deliberate culture of sanctity; it comes by deeper and deeper surrender of self to God's redeeming love. The pages of inward experience which we have been perusing teach us that we can never sanctify ourselves, and they warn us that we utterly miss the mark when we try to measure our own saintliness. The humility which is aware how humble it is has ceased to be humble. Holiness which becomes self-conscious is the hall-mark of a Brahmin—not of a child at home in the arms of Christ.

Experience proves that there are subtle perils and delicate intoxications which beset the path of spiritual attainment. Consider, for example, how many devout women lack intellectual and spiritual balance. They lapse into gushing emotionalism; or they will take up fantastic theories about perfection, or faith-healing, or the interpretation of prophecy. From aberrations like these F. R. H. was preserved by her wholesome temperament and her shrewd, native common sense. This may be illustrated by a few quotations from her letters.

To a strenuous clerical friend she wrote in 1872 this plain warning:

"I think you are simply tempting Providence by having gone on in this way without any rest

or break. . . . I feel very strongly about it, because it is what my best friends usually distress me by doing, and I will make no more friendships with people who *will* commit slow suicide. There must be physical retribution sooner or later."

She wrote to another friend in 1876 :

"I heartily agree about 'business.' I wish every Christian worker, clerical and lay and female, could have an apprenticeship to some business first. . . .

"Committees I don't believe in—never did, and never shall, believe in or belong to any! Much of the most successful work is done by some brave man or woman without a committee."

She wrote again in the same year :

"I have been . . . nearly every day giving half an hour to careful reading of Shakespeare ; I felt as if I rather wanted a little intellectual bracing, as if something of contact with intellect were necessary to prevent my getting into a weak and wishy-washy kind of thought and language. I like intellects to rub against, and have no present access to books which would do it ; so I bethought myself of seeing what Shakespeare would do for me, and I think my motive was really that I might polish my own instruments for the Master's use. But there is so much that is entirely of the earth, earthy, amid all the marvellous genius and even the sparkles of the

highest truth which flash here and there . . . that it has crossed me whether I am not trusting an arm of flesh in seeking intellectual benefit thus. Yet, on the other hand, if one admits that principle, one would throw over all . . . study and mental culture, and it does really seem, as a rule, as if God endorsed those means, and uses cultivated powers, and only very exceptionally uses uncultivated ones."

Concerning dress, she wrote:

"That couplet, 'Take my silver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold' . . . does not mean that, because we have ten shillings in our purse, we are pledged to put it all into the next collecting plate, else we should have none for the next call! But it does mean that every shilling is to be, and I think I may say is, held at my Lord's disposal, and is distinctly not my own; but, as He has entrusted to me a body for my special charge, I am bound to clothe that body with His silver and gold, so that it shall neither suffer from cold, nor bring discredit upon His cause. . . .

"The outer should be the expression of the inner, not an ugly mask or disguise. If the King's daughter is to be 'all glorious within,' she must not be outwardly a fright! I must dress both as a lady and a Christian. . . . I do not consider myself at liberty to spend on dress that which might be spared for God's work; but it costs no more to have a thing well and

prettily made, and I should only feel justified in getting a costly dress if it would last proportionately longer. . . . Also, what is suitable in one house is not so in another, and it would be also an insult to appear among some of my relatives and friends in what I could wear without an apology at home ; it would be an actual break of the rule 'Be courteous' ; also I should not think it right to appear among wedding guests in a dress which would be perfectly suitable for wearing to the Infirmary. But I shall always ask for guidance in all things. . . ."

The following extract comes from a letter written in July, 1875 :

"It seems to me that 'the prayer of faith' which 'shall save the sick' must be 'not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God,' and that in this direction lies the key to whatever experimental difficulties appear to surround the promise. I think the prayer, the faith, and the healing are all equally from God—distinctly His gift, and His only."

She wrote again, the year before she died :

"I cannot think the Lord would have made such wonderful provision of medicine and means for our use, if He did not both intend and sanction the use of them. And I do not see in the least why there may not be just as perfect and God-honouring trust while accepting them and using them as His means, and doctors as His exponents

of means, as when refusing them. . . . The same arguments, or *seeming* arguments, apply to the use of means of grace."

Among the *Essays of Elia* there is one of singular and pathetic interest on "The Sanity of True Genius." From that essay the late Bishop Paget[1] drew a striking lesson as to the sanity of saintliness. He insisted that the true Christian character never loses calmness, sobriety, reasonableness, and proportion; that the Holy Spirit will train and discipline the soul in self-control and harmony and balance; that the love of Christ is a chastened, reverent, obedient enthusiasm, which makes His servants the boldest and the sanest and the most serviceable of mankind.

Here, at any rate, was a woman whose thoroughgoing consecration went hand in hand with sagacity and common sense. It was this, no less than her humility, which dictated F. R. H.'s reply to an application from America for some biographical details: "The best answer is that I am maid of all work in the household of God." She never shirked her homely duties to indulge in morbid self-analysis. She rose above the selfishness of those devotees who seem chiefly occupied with feathering their own spiritual nests. By virtue of this, she was able to write so

[1] *Studies in the Christian Character*, pp. 55–69.

simply and directly and naturally about her own experience of Divine realities; and, after all, as Bishop Creighton insisted, the only way in which we can help others is by recalling the way in which God has dealt with ourselves. There was, indeed, little of the mystic in her temperament—perhaps not enough for a complete understanding of those parts of St. Paul's theology which find their harmony in his doctrine of mystical union with Christ. There have been greater saints, with a wider and clearer insight into the deep things of God. Yet for her, at any rate, Christianity was never abstract, but objective and concrete. Maria Havergal wrote with real perception: "My sister Fanny's books are not about religion, but about the Lord Jesus as a personal, living Saviour"; for to her mind the Gospel always appeared not as "it," but as "Him."

* * * *

A poem entitled *Autobiography*, which F. R. H. composed in 1869, closes with these lines:

"Ah no! We write our lives indeed,
But in a cipher none can read,
Except the author . . .
But though he break the seal,
No power has he to give the key,
No licence to reveal.

We wait the all-declaring day,
When love shall know as it is known.
Till then, the secrets of our lives are ours
and God's alone."

Nevertheless in her books and letters she has disclosed her true self, with its limitations and its strength. She did not possess the intellectual force of women like Josephine Butler and Dora Pattison and Dora Greenwell. Moreover, we recognize in her life a deliberate withdrawal from everything which seemed to her "unspiritual." This ascetic temper could not but seclude her from wide provinces of human interest and service. Yet by virtue of her very detachment she was able to concentrate herself more intently on the realities of inward consecration. And it is here, in a region which some would describe as narrow, that she has exercised by her writings a great and enduring influence. Her little devotional books, like her hymns, set forth in transparent language some of the deeper truths of Christian experience. The theology which they take for granted is that of the orthodox Evangelical school of her own day, and the colour and dialect of the Mildmay Park Conventions may be traced in their expression. Frequently her pages seem overloaded with a profusion of quotation-marks and Scripture references. But

these incidental and superficial elements in her work are forgotten in face of her utter sincerity. She has a fervent simplicity and directness which redeems her style from formal, technical phrases. Above all, her sentences and paragraphs glow with personal ardour of devotion to the Person of the Redeemer—wherein dwells the essence of Christian sanctity.

This supreme devotion helps to explain certain restrictions and exclusions in her own habit of mind. When, for instance, she seemed almost afraid of the solemn beauty of an ancient cathedral, or when she even deprecated Christmas decorations in a village church, it was only lest such outward things should divert and distract men's souls from the One Object of worship. After all, what are externals compared with Him who is invisible? What is material loveliness worth compared with Him who is the First and Only Fair?

During the course of her life, F. R. H. refused several offers of marriage. Only a few months before she died, she had to face one very pressing proposal, and confessed to her sister how difficult it was to reject "the pure and holy love laid at her feet." More than once she severed a friendship which cost her keen pain to renounce, because it seemed to hinder her complete consecration. In the best sense of a phrase which

F. R. H. would never have employed, we may venture to say that she was truly a bride of Christ.

Had she lived five or six centuries earlier, she might have sought in some religious order for a refuge from secularity. For monasticism is a natural, though it be a mistaken, expedient. Wherever religious convictions have been unusually keen and earnest in the face of recklessness and scandals in general society, there we discover, even among those who have most hated the monks —among the Puritans of the seventeenth and the Methodists and Evangelicals of the eighteenth century—the same strong disposition to draw a sharp line between religion and the world.[1] Even for God's greatest saints it is a difficult lesson to learn that all living human needs and interests —whether culture, art, politics, the care of the body, amusement, or business—can find their consecration in Jesus Christ. Moreover, the religious temper, by its very instinct, longs for simplicity. And countless souls who bear the marks of the Crucified enter into the kingdom of our Lord's childlikeness: they share His poverty of spirit, His meekness, His contempt for outward appearances, His detachment from the things of time. "Religion, in proportion as it is vigorous and pure, will always thirst after an ever-increasing

[1] See Dean Church: *St. Anselm*, pp. 5, 6.

Unification, will long to be one and to give itself to the One—to follow naked the naked Jesus." [1]

There are different schools of Christian thought —philosophical, sacramental, dogmatic—existing side by side with even more varied types of Christian experience, which correspond to differences in human temperament and training. But one elemental type of experience, which began with the Church's beginning, still lives on in millions of faithful souls. Their faith concentrates itself upon the idea of Jesus Christ, and consists in a vivid conception of His reality, a passionate affection for Himself. For them the essence of the Gospel is embodied in the express image of His Person, from whom through the centuries the Church has drawn its unexhausted life. We might suppose, indeed, that such an image would fade and grow shadowy and melt away among the phantoms and wrecks of time. Yet, as a matter of practical experience,

> "That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose."

Men and women in every generation have proved His changeless vitality, His imperishable attraction, His unique and unearthly power. If the word "Jesuit" did not blaspheme its derivation,

[1] See Von Hügel: *The Mystical Element in Religion*, I, pp. 65–66.

Christian disciples of such a type might be described as "Jesuits." For their theology is summed up in the Name of Jesus, their adoration centres upon the Personality of Jesus. In a profound spiritual sense they are devoted to the Sacred Heart.

See how Pascal, for example, disclosed the secret of his own personal religion in that penetrating chapter of the *Pensées*, which he entitled *Le Mystère de Jésus*, concerning which Sainte-Beuve wrote: "Quand Pascal arrive à parler de Jésus Christ dans son livre, il tient du coup le centre et la clef, l'explication de la misère humaine aussi bien que le fondement de toute grâce."

Listen, again, to another great Christian, strangely remote in many ways from Pascal. While David Livingstone was tramping through the deserts and swamps of Africa, he could write: "That hymn [1] of St. Bernard, on the name of Christ, rings in my ears as I wander across the wide, wide wilderness":

"*Jesu, dulcis memoria,*
Dans cordi vera gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia,
Ejus dulcis præsentia.

[1] Commonly sung in its English version by Edward Caswall, which begins: "Jesus, the very thought of Thee."

Nil canitur suävius
Nil auditur jucundius
Nil cogitatur dulcius
Quam Jesu Dei filius.

Jesu, spes penitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus te quærentibus,
Sed quid invenientibus?

Jesu, dulcedo cordium,
Fons vivus, lumen mentium,
Excedens omne gaudium
Et omne desiderium."

To-day there are multitudes of simple-hearted folk, the aged and the little children, the humble and the heavy-laden and the poor, to whom science is dumb and nature is dark and criticism is foolishness, who find in Jesus Christ Himself all and more than all they need. Not in vain words do such Christians testify to the supremacy and sufficiency of their Redeemer — not His Church, nor His Sacraments, nor His teaching, nor even the truths about Him, nor the virtues He most enforces, but Himself. They tell us that He is far better even than His own promises. They confess that they know Him as they cannot know the dearest of human friends. In Him every longing finds its satisfaction and every loss

its recompense ; in Him all the sins and sorrows of life have their antidote and cure.

Within this fellowship of the lovers and worshippers of Jesus was the spiritual home of Frances Ridley Havergal. There is a legend told about Ignatius which may serve as a parable of the saint's experience. After his martyrdom, we read, his heart was cut into pieces ; but imprinted in golden letters on each fragment there appeared the Name of Jesus.

PART II

SELECTIONS IN PROSE

SELECTIONS IN PROSE

THE books by which Frances Ridley Havergal became so widely known were all published during the last ten years of her life. Of two volumes of verse, *The Ministry of Song* appeared in 1869, and *Under the Surface* in 1874; while *Starlight through the Shadows*, a posthumous volume of prose and verse, came out in 1879, a few months after her death. Between 1875 and 1879 she issued various smaller volumes of religious prose. These included *My King*, *Royal Bounty*, *Royal Commandments*, and *The Royal Invitation*, besides two very popular booklets for children entitled *Little Pillows* and *Morning Bells*.

Her works secured a remarkable circulation. Altogether over a million copies have been sold in this country and the British Dominions, besides quite as many more in the United States, and the demand has not ceased. Some of her little books were translated into French and German, and into Tamil, Telugu, and Urdu for the Indian mission field. The personal interest aroused in the writer herself was proved by the sale of more than 280,000 copies of her biography, written by her sister, Maria Havergal.

In the following prose selections from her

books and her letters, no words have been altered, though in certain paragraphs some omissions (which are indicated) have been made. The passages chosen are grouped together according to the subjects they deal with. It is believed that by this method the author's spiritual teaching can be presented in a more coherent and consecutive form, which illustrates her own saying : " The dialects of love are many, though the language be but one."

Taken as a whole, this sequence of prose selections brings out into relief F. R. H.'s extraordinary excellence as a devotional writer. In simplicity and directness, in limpid clearness of style and in self-forgetful devotion of spirit, she has had few equals among modern Englishwomen who have essayed a similar task. To write reverently about the secrets of Christian faith, to explain them with penetrating insight and in natural language—this may seem easy; but anyone who makes the attempt speedily discovers that it abounds in snares and thorns and pitfalls. By the testimony of millions of readers, F. R. H. achieved the task with astonishing, and apparently effortless, success.

The profoundest passages of her writing will be found in the section headed, " For those in Sickness and Sorrow " (pp. 115-139), which includes many pages not only beautiful in expression but marked by unusual pathos and power.

I

THE CALL OF CHRIST

[THE extracts under this heading are all taken from *The Royal Invitation*, a little volume first published in 1878, which sets forth some elements of the Gospel in its direct personal appeal.]

COME UNTO ME

"LORD, to whom shall we go?" Not "to *what* shall we go" For the human heart within us craves a personal, living rest and refuge. No doctrines, however true; no systems, however perfect; nothing mental, moral, or spiritual, will do as the answer to this question of every soul that is not absolutely dead in trespasses and sins. As surely as you and I are persons, individualities, real separate existences, so surely must we have a Person, no less real and individual, to whom to go in our more or less conscious need of salvation. And so the great wordof Invitation, Royal and Divine, is given to us, "Come unto ME!"

Then look at the great central scene of the universe—the central moment not of a world's history only, but of eternity; look at the Saviour,

who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, bowing His bleeding head under that awful burden, because His faithfulness was unto the death, and His love was strong as death! "Behold your God," and "Behold the Man," who loved you and gave Himself for you; hear His own touching call, "I said, Behold Me, behold Me!" Look away from all the "other things," look at the Crucified One, and, as you gaze, remember that He says, "Come unto Me!"

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by, that both from the depth of sorrow and from the height of glory this Royal Invitation comes to you? For it is the call not only of Jesus Crucified, but of Jesus Reigning and Jesus Coming. "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh," for He is coming to judge the quick and the dead. . . . Think of the day when the great white throne is set, and when the Son of man shall come in His glory; when all will be gathered before Him, and He shall separate them one from another, and know that it is "this same Jesus" who now says to you, "Come unto Me!"

WHAT IS "COMING"?

ONE'S very familiarity with the terms used to express spiritual things seems to have a tendency to make one feel mystified about them. And their very simplicity makes one suspicious,

as it were, that there must be some mysterious and mystical meaning behind them, because they sound too easy and plain to have such great import. "Come" means "come"—just that! and not some occult process of mental effort.

What would you understand by it, if you heard it to-day for the first time, never having had any doubts or suppositions or previous notions whatever about it? What does a little child understand by it? It is positively too simple to be made plainer by any amount of explanation. If you could see the Lord Jesus standing there, right before you, and you heard Him say, "Come!" would you say, "What does 'come' mean?" And if the room were dark, so that you could only hear and not see, would it make any difference? Would you not turn instantly towards the Glorious Voice? Would you not, in heart and will and intention, instantaneously obey it? —that is, if you believed it to be Himself. For "he that cometh to God must believe that He is." The coming so hinges on that, as to be really the same thing. The moment you really believed, you would really come; and the moment you really come, you really believe. Now the Lord Jesus is as truly and actually "nigh thee" as if you could see Him. And He as truly and actually says "Come" to you as if you heard Him. Fear not, believe only, and *let* yourself come to Him straight away! "Take with you words,

and turn to the Lord : say unto Him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously." And know that His answer is " Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Do you still feel unaccountably puzzled about it ? Give a quiet hour to the records of how others came to Him. . . . Trace out all through the Gospels how they came to Jesus with all sorts of different needs, and trace in these your own spiritual needs of cleansing, healing, salvation, guidance, sight, teaching. They knew what they wanted, and they knew whom they wanted. And consequently they just came. Ask the Holy Spirit to show you what you want and whom you want, and you will talk no more about what it means, you will just come. And then you will say, " Now we believe, not because of thy saying ; for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

THE CALL OF THE SPIRIT

EVERY " Come " in the Bible is the call of the Spirit. . . . And every time that a still small voice in your heart says " Come," it is the call of the Spirit. Every time the remembrance of the Saviour's sweetest spoken word floats across your mind, it is the Holy Spirit's fulfilment of our Lord's promise that " He shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have

said unto you." Last time those words, "Come unto Me," came into your mind, whether in some wakeful night hour, or suddenly and unaccountably amid the stir of the day, did you think that it was the very voice of the Holy Spirit speaking in your heart? Or did you let other voices drown it, not knowing that the goodness of God was leading you by it?

Every time an ambassador of Christ bids you come, and every time that anyone who loves Him tries to speak a word for Jesus to you, it is the call of the Spirit and the Bride; for the Bride is the Church of Christ, and she is the privileged instrument through which the clear music of the call is oftenest heard.

What makes you take the trouble to read this book? Why is there any attraction at all for you in the subject? Is it not that the Holy Spirit is causing your heart to vibrate, it may be but very feebly as yet, at the thrill of His secret call? Your awakening wish to come is the echo of that call. If you stop and listen, it will be heard more distinctly and winningly. The call will grow fuller and stronger as you turn and yield, and follow it. And the same blessed Spirit will give you power to do this. He will show you your need of Jesus, and He will testify of Jesus to you, so that you shall be willing to come. Do you feel very helpless about it? Do you wish you had the mighty aid of the Almighty Spirit? . . . Then

why do you not ask for it? Who is to blame if you do not have what is to be had for the asking? Christ Himself has put the promise in the very plainest words: "Ask, and it shall be given you," and "Every one that asketh receiveth." . . . Clearly, if you have not, it is because you ask not. But if you are asking for the Holy Spirit in the name of Jesus, you have already the earnest of the Spirit, and you shall have more and more.

A HINDRANCE

IT is a strange gift that we have to bring—so strange that it is in one sense nothing, and yet in another sense everything. He asks us for it, saying, "Give Me thine heart"; and this heart of ours, this gift that we are to bring, worthless and yet priceless, is one mass of sins and burdens. Jesus asks for it just as it is, with all the sins and all the burdens; and the moment it is given over to Him, the sins are cleansed and the burdens are borne for us.

Do you wish to come to Him with it, and yet find that there seems something preventing you from really doing so? If so, "First be reconciled to thy brother," may throw God's light upon the secret obstacle. "Is there any secret thing with thee?" Christ will either accept the gift altogether, or not at all. If there is something which you do not really mean to do right about—

some sin which you have no real intention of giving up—it will be a fatal barrier. He forgives all or none. If you are but willing, His precious blood shall cleanse you from all sin. But He does not save by halves. . . .

The Lord says, "First be reconciled to thy brother, and *then* come and offer Thy gift." This may be literally your case. Someone may have somewhat against you—an old quarrel, or a fresh misunderstanding—and you are too proud to acknowledge your fault, or your share of it; or you are too timid, or even too idle to do so. When there are faults on both sides, it is pretty often the one most in fault who is the least ready to forgive. Now do look into the matter, and see if you are truly in love and charity with all men. It is no use trying to explain away your daily words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," for Christ Himself has explained and emphasized them. He said, "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." There is no evading this. There is absolutely no forgiveness for you, if you do not forgive. . . .

And it is no use saying, "Well, I will forgive, but I can't forget!" You know quite well in your heart that the very tone in which you say that shows that you are not really forgiving, and God knows what is at the bottom of your "can't forget!" Don't turn round fiercely and say,

"But if I can't, I can't!" For "the things which are impossible with men, are possible with God."

Look at the . . . example of perfect forgiveness—hear the smitten King in His lonely death-agony saying, *Father, forgive them!* "For He knew that forgiveness would raise them to the very level of His throne; so He must have literally loved His murderers with the love wherewith His Father loved Him." Oh, it is not hard to forgive anything when one looks away to the forgiveness of Jesus.

Then come and offer thy gift.

COME AND FOLLOW ME

FOLLOWING is the only proof of coming. . . . Our Lord gives you the test, *Come and follow Me!* If you are willing for that, willing with the will that issues in act and deed, then the coming is real.

If you are not willing to follow, then you may dismiss at once any idea that perhaps you have come or are coming: there is no reality in it, and there is nothing for you but to go away sorrowful, as the rich young man did, who came, but would not follow.

The following will be just as real and definite as the coming, if there is any reality in you at all; and if you are not deluding yourself with a deceitful cloud-land of sentimental religion, without

foundation and without substance, which is but a refuge of lies which the hail shall sweep away. . . .

But you say, "How am I to know whether I am following?" Well, following is not standing still. Clearly it is not staying just where you always were. You cannot follow one thing without coming away from something else. Apply this test. What have you left for Jesus? What have you left off doing for His sake? If you are moving onward, some things must be left behind. What are "the things which are behind" in your life? If the supposed coming has made no difference in your practical daily life, do not flatter yourself that you have ever yet really come at all. Jesus says, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." . . . Be honest about it; all true coming to Jesus must issue in thus coming after Him.

Then look at it from the positive side. He has left us an example that we should follow His steps. As the beautiful collect puts it, "Give us grace that we may daily endeavour ourselves to follow the blessed steps of His most holy life." Now, what are those steps? Perhaps you are not even looking to see what they are, let alone following them! Following the steps is quite a different thing from thinking to follow one's own idea of the general direction of a course. If you would only take one Gospel, and read it

through with the earnest purpose of noting, by the Holy Spirit's guidance, what the steps of Jesus are, you would soon see clearly whether you are following or not, far more clearly than by reading any amount of books about it, or consulting any number of human counsellors. Take for to-day only one indication of what those steps were. *Who went about doing good.* Do your steps correspond with that? It is not, "went about doing no harm," but actively and positively "doing good."

COME WITH ME

"YE see your calling"; it is nothing less than to come *with* Jesus. The enviable privilege of the twelve whom Jesus ordained that they should be with Him, is freely offered to you. . . . Will you come with Jesus, walking with Him from this day every step of the way? Will you accept Him as the Guide with whom you will go, the Friend with whom you will commune by the way? It will be no dreamy or nominal coming with Him, if only you are willing to come. You will find it very real in all respects. . . .

If you will but *come with* Him, He will come unto you and *abide with* you. Your natural fear lest, even when you consent to come to be with Him, you might not remain with Him, is met and completely settled by His promise, *I will never leave thee* . . .

It is a very common experience in great things and small, that the person or thing we most want is not there just when we most want him or it. Never shall we have to complain of this as to the promised perpetual presence of our Lord; for He says, "I will be with him in trouble." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." And in the deepest need of all, in the valley of the shadow of death, the soul that has yielded to the present call will be able to say, "Thou art with me!"

I do not think we consider enough how we disappoint the love of Jesus when we refuse to come with Him. For He does truly and literally desire us to be with Him. Would He have made it the very climax of His great Prayer, representing it as the very culmination of His own rest and glory, that His people should be with Him, if He did not so very much care about it, and was only seeking and saving us out of bare pity? No, it was in His love as well as in His pity that He redeemed us! And love craves nearness. This is the very thing that differences love from the lesser glow of mere pity, or kindness, whatever their degrees or combinations. The Lord Jesus would not say, *Come with Me*, if He did not feel towards us something far beyond any degree of pity and kindness. It is the royal invitation of His kingly love.

IF ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME, AND DRINK

IS there any one who does not thirst? In other words, is there any one who can say before God who searches the heart, "I am satisfied. I have no sense of thirst, no nameless craving"? Are you satisfied? I do not mean, are you tolerably contented and comfortable on the whole and in a general way when things are at their best. But satisfied!—the deep under-the-surface rest and complete satisfaction of the very heart, the filling of its emptiness, the stilling of all its cravings; and this not during the false frothing of excitement or business, but when you are alone, when you lie awake in the night, when you are shut away from any fictitious filling of your cup, and when the broken cisterns have leaked out, as they will, and do, and must—are you satisfied then? Verily, He who knew what was in man knew that He was not narrowing the invitation when He said, "Let him that is athirst, come!"

"Let him come unto Me, and drink." You see there is only this one way of drinking of the living water: you must come to Jesus Himself, personally and really. Knowing all about it is not enough. Consulting Christian friends, and reading good books, and doing any amount of religious duties, and exercising any amount of

self-denial, will not stay the more or less conscious heart-thirst. The Lord says not a word about any channels ; He only says, " If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." And " Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

II

THE CONSECRATED LIFE

[THESE selections, which sum up the author's teaching on consecration, are all taken from the little volume *Kept for the Master's Use*, which was first published in 1879.]

WHAT CONSECRATION IS

CONSECRATION is not so much a step as a course; not so much an act as a position to which a course of action inseparably belongs. In so far as it is a course and a position, there must naturally be a definite entrance upon it, and a time, it may be a moment, when that entrance is made. That is when we say, "Take"; but we do not want to go on taking a first step over and over again. What we want now is to be maintained in that position, and to fulfil that course. So let us go on to another prayer. Having already said, "Take my life, for I cannot give it to Thee," let us now say, with deepened conviction that without Christ we really can do nothing—"Keep my life, for I cannot keep it for Thee."

Let us ask this with the same simple trust

to which, in so many other things, He has so liberally and graciously responded. For this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us ; and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him. There can be no doubt that this petition is according to His will, because it is based upon many a promise. May I give it you just as it floats through my own mind again and again, knowing whom I have believed, and being persuaded that He is *able to keep* that which I have committed unto Him ?

Keep my life, that it may be [1]
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Keep my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Keep my hands, that they may move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Keep my feet, that they may be
Swift and " beautiful " for Thee.

Keep my voice, that I may sing
Always, only, for my King.

Keep my lips, that they may be
Filled with messages from Thee.

[1] This hymn, as here given, is really a variant version of the more famous " Take My Life," which appears on p. 214.

Keep my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Keep my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Keep my will, oh, keep it Thine!
For it is no longer mine.

Keep my heart; it *is* Thine own;
It is now Thy royal throne.

Keep my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Keep myself, that I may be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

I will appeal to experience. . . . Did you ever really trust Jesus to fulfil any word of His to you, and find your trust deceived? As to the past experience of the details of your life not being kept for Jesus, look a little more closely at it, and you will find that though you may have asked, you did not trust. Whatever you did really trust Him to keep, He has kept, and the unkept things were never really entrusted. Scrutinize this past experience as you will, and it will only bear witness against your unfaithfulness, never against His absolute faithfulness.

Here we must face a question, and perhaps a difficulty. Does it not almost seem as if we were

at this point led to trusting to our trust, making everything hinge upon it, and thereby only removing a subtle dependence upon ourselves one step farther back, disguising instead of renouncing it? If Christ's keeping depends upon our trusting, and our continuing to trust depends upon ourselves, we are in no better or safer position than before, and shall only be landed in a fresh series of disappointments. The old story, something for the sinner to *do*, crops up again here, only with the ground shifted from "works" to trust. . . . We can no more trust and keep on trusting than we can do anything else of ourselves. Even in this it must be "Jesus only"; we are not to look to Him only to be the Author and Finisher of our faith, but we are to look to Him for all the intermediate fulfilment of the work of faith; we must ask Him to go on fulfilling it in us, committing even this to His power.

For we both may and must
Commit our very faith to Him,
Entrust to Him our trust.

What a long time it takes us to come down to the conviction, and still more to the realization of the fact that without Him we can do *nothing*, but that He must work *all* our works in us! This is the work of God, that ye believe in Him whom He has sent. And no less must it be the

work of God that we go on believing, and that we go on trusting. . . .

Consecration is not a religiously selfish thing. If it sinks into that, it ceases to be consecration. We want our lives kept, not that we may feel happy, and be saved the distress consequent on wandering, and get the power with God and man, and all the other privileges linked with it. We shall have all this, because the lower is included in the higher; but our true aim, if the love of Christ constraineth us, will be far beyond this. Not for "me" at all, but "for Jesus"; not for my safety, but for His glory; not for my comfort, but for His joy; not that I may find rest, but that He may see the travail of His soul, and be satisfied! Yes, for Him I want to be kept. Kept for His sake; kept for His use; kept to be His witness; kept for His joy! Kept for Him, that in me He may show forth some tiny sparkle of His light and beauty; kept to do His will and His work in His own way; kept, it may be, to suffer for His sake; kept for Him, that He may do just what seemeth Him good with me; kept, so that no other lord shall have any more dominion over me, but that Jesus shall have all there is to have—little enough, indeed, but not divided or diminished by any other claim. . . .

The Lord Jesus does take the life that is offered to Him, and He does keep the life for Himself

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that is entrusted to Him; but until the life is offered we cannot know the taking, and until the life is entrusted we cannot know or understand the keeping. All we can do is to say, *O taste and see!* and bear witness to the reality of Jesus Christ, and set to our seal that we have found Him true to His every word, and that we have proved Him able even to do exceeding abundantly above all we asked or thought. . . . Over even the freshest and purest earthly fountains the Hand that never makes a mistake has written, *He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again.* Look into your own heart and you will find a copy of that inscription already traced, *shall thirst again.* And the characters are being deepened with every attempt to quench the inevitable thirst and weariness in life, which can only be satisfied and rested in full consecration to God.

OUR MOMENTS KEPT

LOOK back through the history of the Church in all ages, and mark how often a great work and mighty influence grew out of a mere moment in the life of one of God's servants; a mere moment, but overshadowed and filled with the fruitful power of the Spirit of God. The moment may have been spent in uttering five words, but they have fed five thousand, or even five hundred thousand. Or it may have been lit by he flash of a thought that had shone into hearts

and homes throughout the land, and kindled torches that have been borne into earth's darkest corners. The rapid speaker or the lonely thinker little guessed what use his Lord was making of that single moment. . . .

The same thing is going on every day. It is generally a moment—either an opening or a culminating one—that really does the work. It is not so often a whole sermon as a single short sentence in it that wings God's arrow to a heart. It is seldom a whole conversation that is the means of bringing about the desired result, but some sudden turn of thought or word, which comes with the electric touch of God's power. Sometimes it is less than that; only a look (and what is more momentary?) has been used by Him for the pulling down of strongholds. Again, in our own quiet waiting upon God, as moment after moment glides past in the silence at His feet, the eye resting upon a page of His Word, or only looking up to Him through the darkness, have we not found that He can so irradiate one passing moment with His light that its rays never die away, but shine on and on through days and years? . . .

While we have been undervaluing these fractions of eternity, what has our gracious God been doing in them? How strangely touching are the words, "What is man, that Thou shouldest set Thine heart upon him, and that Thou shouldest visit

him every morning, and *try him every moment*?" Terribly solemn and awful would be the thought that He has been trying us every moment, were it not for the yearning gentleness and love of the Father revealed in that wonderful expression of wonder, "What is man, that Thou shouldest set Thine heart upon him?" Think of that ceaseless setting of His heart upon us, careless and forgetful children as we have been! And then think of those other words, none the less literally true because given under a figure: *I, the Lord, do keep it; I will water it every moment.*

OUR HANDS KEPT

IT was of a literal hand that our Lord Jesus spoke when He said, "Behold, the hand of him that betrayeth Me is with Me on the table"; and, "He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me." . . . That same hand taking the thirty pieces of silver! . . . Oh that every hand that is with Him at His sacramental table, and that takes the memorial bread, may be kept from any faithless and loveless motion! . . . Again, it was by literal "wicked hands" that our Lord Jesus was crucified and slain. Does not the thought that human hands have been so treacherous and cruel . . . make us wish the more fervently that our hands may be totally faithful and devoted to Him?

The kept hands will be very gentle hands.

Quick, angry motions of the heart will sometimes force themselves into expression by the hand, though the tongue may be restrained. The very way in which we close a door or lay down a book may be a victory or a defeat, a witness to Christ's keeping or a witness that we are not truly being kept. . . . When the gentleness of Christ dwells in us, He can use the merest touch of a finger. Have we not heard of one gentle touch on a wayward shoulder being the turning-point of a life? . . . If our hands are indeed our Lord's, we may ask Him to guide them, and strengthen them, and teach them . . . to make these hands of ours more handy for His service, more skilful in what is indicated as the "next thynge" they are to do. The kept hands need not be clumsy hands. If the Lord taught David's hands to war and his fingers to fight, will He not teach our hands, and fingers too, to do what He would have them do?

OUR FEET KEPT

THERE is a certain homeliness about the idea which helps to make it very real. These very feet of ours are purchased for Christ's service by the precious drops which fell from His own torn and pierced feet upon the cross. They are to be His errand-runners.

There is no fear but that our Lord will have many uses for what is kept by Him for Himself.

How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things! That is the best use of all; and I expect the angels think those feet beautiful, even if they are cased in muddy boots or goloshes. . . .

Besides the great privilege of carrying water from the wells of salvation, there are plenty of cups of cold water to be carried in all directions; not to the poor only—ministries of love are often as much needed by a rich friend. But the feet must be kept for these; they will be too tired for them if they are tired out for self-pleasing. In such services we are treading in the blessed steps of His most holy life, who went about doing good.

May every step of our feet be more and more like those of our beloved Master. Let us continually consider Him in this, and go where He would have gone, on the errands which He would have done, following hard after Him. And let us look on to the time when our feet shall stand in the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, when holy feet shall tread the streets of the holy city; no longer pacing any lonely path, for He hath said, *They shall walk with Me in white.*

OUR LIPS KEPT

ONCE I heard a beautiful prayer which I can never forget; it was this: "Lord, take my lips, and speak through them; take my mind,

and think through it; take my heart, and set it on fire." And this is the way the Master keeps the lips of His servants, by so filling their hearts with His love that the outflow cannot be unloving, by so filling their thoughts that the utterance cannot be un-Christ-like. There must be filling before there can be pouring out; and if there is filling, there must be pouring out, for He hath said, *Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.*

I think He consecrated song for us, and made it a sweet and sacred thing for ever, when He Himself sang an hymn, the very last thing before He went forth to consecrate suffering for us. . . .

We can hardly consider the keeping of our lips without recollecting that upon them, more than all else (though not exclusively of all else), depends that greatest of our responsibilities, our influence. We have no choice in the matter; we cannot evade or avoid it; and there is no more possibility of our limiting it, or even tracing its limits, than there is of setting a bound to the far-vibrating sound-waves, or watching their flow through the invisible air. Not one sentence that passes these lips of ours but must be an invisibly prolonged influence, not dying away into silence, but living away into the words and deeds of others.

We all know that there is influence exerted by a person's mere presence, without the utterance

of a single word. We are conscious of this every day. People seem to carry an atmosphere with them, which *must* be breathed by those whom they approach. Some carry an atmosphere in which all unkind thoughts shrivel up and cannot grow into expression. Others carry one in which "thoughts of Christ and things divine" never seem able to flourish. . . . If even unconscious and involuntary influence is such a power, how much greater must it be when the recognized power of words is added!

Very many of us are beginning to see that the command, *Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God*, is not fully obeyed when we drink, merely because we like it, what is the very greatest obstacle to that glory in this realm of England. What matter that we prefer taking it in a more refined form, if the thing itself is daily and actively and mightily working misery and crime and death and destruction to thousands, till the cry thereof seems as if it must pierce the very heaven! And so it does—sooner, a great deal, than it pierces the walls of our comfortable dining-room! I only say here, you who have said, "Take my lips," stop and repeat that prayer next time you put that to your lips which is binding men and women hand and foot, and delivering them over, helpless, to Satan! Let those words pass once more from your heart *out* through your lips, and I do not think you will

feel comfortable in letting the means of such infernal work pass *in* through them.

OUR SILVER AND GOLD KEPT

WHEN we have asked Christ to take, and continually trust Him to keep our money, "shopping" becomes a different thing. We look up to our Lord for guidance to lay out His money prudently and rightly, and as He would have us lay it out. The gift or garment is selected consciously under His eye, and with conscious reference to Him . . . for whose sake we shall give it, or in whose service we shall wear it, and whose own silver or gold we shall pay for it. . . . Go and spend ever such a little without reference to Him after you have once pledged the silver and gold entirely to Him, and see if you are not in some way rebuked for it! Very often by being permitted to find that you have made a mistake in your purchase, or that in some way it does not prosper. If you "observe these things," you will find that the more closely we are walking with our Lord, the more immediate and unmistakable will be His gracious rebukes when we swerve in any detail of the full consecration to which He has called us. And if you have already experienced and recognized this part of His personal dealing with us, you will know also how we love and bless Him for it.

Consecration does not supersede self-denial,

but transfigures it. Literally, a consecrated life is and must be a life of denial of self. But all the effort and pain of it is changed into very delight. We love our Master ; we know, surely and absolutely, that He is listening and watching our every word and way, and that He has called us to the privilege of walking " worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing." And in so far as this is a reality to us, the identical things which are still self-*denial* in one sense, become actual self-*delight* in another. It may be self-denial to us to turn away from something within reach of our purse which it would be very convenient or pleasant to possess. But if the Master lifted the veil, and revealed Himself standing at our side, and let us hear His audible voice asking us to reserve the price of it for His treasury, should we talk about self-denial then ? Should we not be utterly ashamed to think of it ? Or rather, should we, for one instant, think about self or self-denial at all ? Would it not be an unimaginable joy to do what He asked us to do with that money ? But as long as His own unchangeable promise stands written in His Word for us, *Lo, I am with you alway*, we may be sure that He *is* with us, and that His eye is as certainly on our opened or half-opened purse as it was on the treasury, when He sat over against it and saw the two mites cast in. So let us do our shopping *as seeing Him who is invisible.*

OUR INTELLECT KEPT

AS it is evidently God's way to work through these intellects of ours, we have no more right to expect Him to use a mind which we are wilfully neglecting, and taking no pains whatever to fit for His use, than I should have to expect you to write a beautiful inscription with my pen, if I would not take the trouble to wipe it and mend it. . . .

He who made every power can use every power—memory, judgment, imagination, quickness of apprehension or insight; specialties of musical, poetical, oratorical, or artistic faculty; special tastes for reasoning, philosophy, history, natural science, or natural history—all these may be dedicated to Him, sanctified by Him, and used by Him. Whatever He has given, He will use if we will let Him. Often, in the most unexpected ways, and at the most unexpected turns, something read or acquired long ago suddenly comes into use. We cannot foresee what will thus "come in useful"; but He knew, when He guided us to learn it, what it would be wanted for in His service. So may we not ask Him to bring His perfect foreknowledge to bear on all our mental training and storing? to guide us to read or study exactly what He knows there will be use for in the work to which He has called or will call us? . . .

The same applies to every subsequent stage. Only let us be perfectly clear about the principle that our intellect is not our own either to cultivate, or to use, or to enjoy, and that Jesus Christ is our real and ever-present Counsellor, and then there will be no more worry about what to read and how much to read, and whether to keep up one's accomplishments, or one's languages. . . . What we want is to have all our powers kept for His use. In this they will probably find far higher development than in any other sort of use. I know cases in which the effect of real consecration on mere mental development has been obvious and surprising to all around. Yet it is only a confirmation of what I believe to be a great principle—that *the Lord makes the most of whatever is unreservedly surrendered to Him.*

OUR WILLS KEPT

"GUARD my first springs of thought and will!" That goes to the root of the matter, only it implies that the will has been already surrendered to Him, that it may be wholly kept and guarded. . . . Our wills belong either to self or to God. It may seem a small and rather excusable sin in man's sight to be self-willed, but . . . certainly we are without excuse when we have such a promise to go upon as, *It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His pleasure.*

Only in proportion as our own will is surrendered are we able to discern the splendour of God's will. . . . Conversely, in proportion as we see this splendour of His will, we shall more readily or more fully surrender our own. Not until we have presented our bodies a living sacrifice can we prove what is that good and perfect and acceptable will of God. But in thus proving it, this continual presentation will be more and more seen to be our reasonable service, and becomes more and more a joyful sacrifice of praise.

The connection between our sacrifice which He so graciously calls acceptable to Himself, and our finding out that His will is acceptable to ourselves, is very striking. One reason for this connection may be that only love can really understand love, and love on both sides is at the bottom of the whole transaction and its results. First, He loves us. Then the discovery of this leads us to love Him. Then, because He loves us, He claims us, and desires to have us wholly yielded to His will, so that the operation of love in and for us may find no hindrance. Then, because we love Him we recognize His claim and yield ourselves. Then, being thus yielded, He draws us nearer to Him, and admits us, so to speak, into closer intimacy, so that we gain nearer and truer views of His perfections. Then the unity of these perfections becomes clearer to us. Now we not

only see His justice and mercy flowing in undivided stream from the cross of Christ, but we see that they never were divided, though the strange distortions of the dark, false glass of sin made them appear so, but that both are but emanations of God's holy love. Then having known and believed this holy love, we see further that His will is not a separate thing, but only love (and therefore all His attributes) in action ; love being the primary essence of His being, and all the other attributes manifestations and combinations of that ineffable essence, for God is Love. Then this will of God, which has seemed in old far-off days a stern and fateful power, is seen to be only love energized ; love saying, " I will." And when once we really grasp this (hardly so much by faith as by love itself), the will of God cannot be otherwise than acceptable, for it is no longer a question of trusting that somehow or other there is a hidden element of love in it, but of understanding that it *is* love ; no more to be dissociated from it than the power of the sun's rays can be dissociated from their light and warmth. And love recognized must surely be love accepted and reciprocated. So, as the fancied sternness of God's will is lost in His love, the stubbornness of our will becomes melted in that love, and lost in our acceptance of it.

OURSELVES KEPT

BLESS the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy Name. Did David unaccountably forget to mention that he only meant all that was within him, except self? If not, then self must be among the "all things" which the Lord Jesus Christ is able to subdue unto Himself, and which are to bless His holy Name. It is self which, once His most treacherous foe, is now, by full and glad surrender, His own soldier—coming over from the rebel camp into the royal army. It is not someone else, some temporarily possessing spirit, which says within us "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee," but our true and very self, only changed and renewed by the power of the Holy Ghost. . . . Our true self is the new self, taken and won by the love of God, and kept by the power of God.

It is not what we say or do, so much as what we *are*, that influences others. . . . I do not know anything which, thoughtfully considered, makes us realize more vividly the need and the importance of our whole selves being kept for Jesus. Any part not wholly committed, and not wholly kept, must hinder and neutralize the real influence for Him of all the rest. . . . Just because our influence is to such a great extent involuntary and unconscious, we may rest assured that if we ourselves are truly kept for Jesus, this will be, as a

quite natural result, kept for Him also. It cannot be otherwise, for as is the fountain, so will be the flow; as the spring, so the action; as the impulse, so the communicated motion. Thus there may be, and in simple trust there will be, a quiet rest about it, a relief from all sense of strain and effort, a fulfilling of the words, "For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His." It will not be a matter of trying to have good influence, but just of having it, as naturally and constantly as the magnetized bar.

Of ourselves we may have but little weight, no particular talents or position or anything else to put into the scale; but let us remember that again and again God has shown that the influence of a very average life, when once really consecrated to Him, may outweigh that of almost any number of merely professing Christians. Such lives are like Gideon's three hundred, carrying not even the ordinary weapons of war, but only trumpets and lamps and empty pitchers, by whom the Lord wrought great deliverance, while He did not use the others at all. For He hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

III

CHRISTIAN SERVICE

[THE selections arranged under this heading have been drawn from several sources. Some are taken from *My King*, a little book which F. R. H. published in 1877. Others have been collected from personal letters of friendship and counsel. One belongs to a series of papers in the *Church Missionary Gleaner* for 1879, which was cut short by the writer's death.]

THY SERVANTS ARE READY TO DO WHATSOEVER MY LORD THE KING SHALL APPOINT

THIS is the secret of steady and unruffled gladness in the business of the Lord, and the service of the King, whether we are over the treasures of the house of God, or for the outward business over Israel.

It makes all the difference! If we are really, and always, and equally ready to do whatsoever the King appoints, all the trials and vexations arising from any change in His appointments, great or small, simply do not exist. If He appoints me to work there, shall I lament that I am not to work here? If He appoints me to wait in-doors to-day, am I to be annoyed because I am not to

work out-of-doors? If I meant to write His messages this morning, shall I grumble because He sends interrupting visitors, rich or poor, to whom I am to speak them, or show kindness for His sake, or at least obey His command, "Be courteous"? If all my members are really at His disposal, why should I be put out if to-day's appointment is some simple work for my hands or errands for my feet, instead of some seemingly more important doing of head or tongue?

Does it seem a merely ideal life? . . . Try it to-day, and see if it is not a day of strange, almost curious peace, so sweet that you will be only too thankful, when to-morrow comes, to ask Him to take it also—till it will become a blessed habit to hold yourself simply and "wholly at Thy commandment" "for any manner of service." Then will come, too, an indescribable and unexpected sense of freedom, and a total relief from the self-imposed bondage of having to get through what we think lies before us. . . . Then, too, by thus being ready, moment by moment, for whatsoever He shall appoint, we realize very much more that we are not left alone, but that we are dwelling with the King for His work. Thus the very fact of an otherwise vexatious interruption is transmuted into a precious proof of the nearness of the King. His interference implies His interest and His presence.

The "whatsoever" is not necessarily active

work. It may be waiting (whether half an hour or half a lifetime), learning, suffering, sitting still. But . . . shall we be less ready for these, if any of them are His appointments for to-day? . . . "Ready" implies something of preparation—not being taken by surprise. So let us ask Him to prepare us for all that He is preparing for us. And may the hand of God give us one heart to do the commandment of the King!

THERE THEY DWELT WITH THE KING FOR HIS WORK

THERE—not in any likely place at all, not in the palace, not in the city of the great king, but in about the last place one would have expected, "among plants and hedges." It does not even seem clear why they were there at all, for they were potters, not gardeners—thus giving us the combination of simple labour of the hands, carried on in out-of-the-way places; and yet they were dwellers with the king, and workers with the king.

The lesson seems twofold. First, that anywhere and everywhere we too may dwell with the King for His work. We may be in a very unlikely or unfavourable place for this—it may be in a literal country life, with little enough to be seen of the goings of the King around us; it may be among hedges of all sorts, hindrances in all directions; it may be, furthermore, with our hands full of all

manner of pottery for our daily task. No matter! The King who placed us there will come and dwell there with us; the hedges are all right, or He would soon do away with them, and it does not follow that what seems to hinder our way may not be for its very protection; and as for the pottery, why, that is just exactly what He has seen fit to put into our hands, and therefore it is, for the present, His work.

Secondly, that the dwelling and the working must go together. If we are indeed dwelling with the King, we shall be working for Him too, as we have opportunity. The working will be as the dwelling—a settled, regular thing, whatever form it may take at His appointment. Nor will His work ever be done when we are not dwelling with Him. It will be our own work then, not His, and it will not abide. . . .

We are to dwell with the King for His work; but He will see to it that it shall be for a great deal besides—for a great continual reward according to His own heart and out of His royal bounty—for peace, for power, for love, for gladness, for likeness to Himself.

Labourers together with God, workers together with Him . . . admitted into divine fellowship of work—will not this thought ennoble everything He gives us to do to-day, even if it is among plants and hedges. Even the pottery will be grand!

THE KING'S BUSINESS REQUIRES HASTE

AND yet there is no other business about which average Christians take it so easy. They "must" go their usual round, they "must" write their letters, they "must" pay off their visits and other social claims, they "must" do all that is expected of them; and then, after this and that and the other thing is cleared off, they will do what they can of the King's business. They do not say "must" about that, unless it is some part of His business which is undertaken at second-hand, and with more sense of responsibility to one's clergyman than to one's King. Is this being faithful and loyal and single-hearted?

The King's business requires haste. It is always pressing, and may never be put off. Much of it has to do with souls which may be in eternity to-morrow; and with opportunities which are gone for ever if not used then and there; there is "no convenient season" for it but to-day. Often it is not really done at all, because it is not done in the spirit of holy haste. We meet an unconverted friend again and again, and beat about the bush, and think to gain quiet influence and make way gradually, and call it judicious not to be in a hurry, when the real reason is that we are wanting in holy eagerness and courage to do the King's true business with that soul, and in nine such cases

out of ten nothing ever comes out of it; but "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."

A KING SHALL REIGN AND PROSPER

IF we are really interested, heart and soul, in a person, how delighted we are to have positive assurance of his prosperity, and how extremely interested and pleased we feel at hearing anything about it! Is not this a test of our love to our King? Are we both interested and happy in the short, grand, positive words which are given us about His certain prosperity? If so, the pulse of our gladness is beating true to the very heart of God. . . . And if we could get one great view of the wide but hidden prosperity of His kingdom at this moment, where would be our discouragement and faint-heartedness! Suppose we could see how His work is going on in every soul that He has redeemed out of every kindred and tongue all over the world, with the same distinctness with which we see it in the last trophy of His grace for which we have been praising Him, would it not be a revelation of entirely overwhelming joy?

All our natural delight in progress finds satisfaction here—no stagnation, no reaching a dead level; we are on an ever-winning side, bound up with an ever-progressing cause. . . . But we must not be merely onlookers. Let us see to it,

first, that there be increasing prosperity in His kingdom in our hearts. Pray that He may not only reign but prosper in that domain. And next, let us see to it that we are doing all we can to further His prosperity all around us. Translate our daily prayer, *Thy kingdom come*, into daily, burning, glowing action for its prosperity.

TALK YE OF ALL HIS WONDROUS WORKS

JUST consider what a power in the world talking is! Words dropped, caught up, repeated, then ventilated, combined, developed, set brains and pens to work; these again set the tongues to work; the talking spreads, becomes general, public opinion is formed and inflamed, and the results are engraven in the world's history. This is what talking can do when exercised about the affairs of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. And we, who have been translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, we have tongues, too, and what have we been talking about? How have we used this same far-spreading power? Only suppose that for every time each English-speaking Christian had talked about the day's news of the kingdoms of this world, he had spent the same breath in telling the last news of the kingdom of Jesus Christ to his friends and casual acquaintances! Why, how it would have outrun all the reports and magazines, and saved the

expense of deputations, and set people wondering and inquiring, and stopped the prate of ignorant reviewers who never heard of any converts in India, and gagged the mouths of the adversaries with hard facts, and removed missionary results and successes from the list of things not generally known!

We often quote *All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.* That sounds tolerably easy; but what next? *They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, and talk of Thy power.* Is this among the things that we ought to have done and have left undone? Are we not verily guilty as to this command? Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law!

Perhaps we say we have kept it; we have had sweet converse with dear Christian friends about the Lord's kingdom and doings, and surely that is enough? No! Read further; there is not even a full stop after *talk of Thy power.* It goes on to say why, and to whom: *To make known to the sons of men His mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of His kingdom.* Not just talking it over among our like-minded friends, exchanging a little information maybe; but talking with purpose, talking so as to make known what great things our God is doing, not gently alluding, but making the sons of men know things that they did not know were being done. Some very intelligent

and well-educated sons of men do not seem to know that there is such a thing as His kingdom at all; and whose fault is that? They do not and will not read about it, but they could not help the true report of it reaching their ears if every one of us simply obeyed orders and talked, right and left, "of the glory of Thy kingdom," instead of using our tongues to tell what we have just seen in the newspapers.

But the bottom of not talking is generally the not having much to talk about. When our Lord said, *Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh*, He knew what was in man better than we know ourselves. We don't give ourselves the trouble to fill our hearts so that they cannot help overflowing. If we gave even the same time to supplying our minds with the telling, yes and thrilling facts, happening day by day in His kingdom, that we give to the other things reported in papers and periodicals, we should quite naturally talk of all His wondrous works. We should want to tell people what we had read and heard, not stale news picked up accidentally months ago, but something interesting from its very freshness in our own minds. When we have just read of a remarkable political event, or military victory, don't we forthwith talk about it? And if the next person we meet has not heard of it, do we hesitate to tell him all we know about it on the spot? It does not look as if we cared very much about

our glorious Captain when we are not sufficiently interested in His latest victories in the mission field even to talk about them, especially to those who know nothing at all about them.

From "Marching Orders," a series of papers written for the *Church Missionary Gleaner* of 1879, at the request of Dr. Eugene Stock, and left incomplete.

WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION

GIVE a man a great gold-mine; it is his, he has not got to work for it, but only to work it out, draw upon it, and enjoy it. . . . I never knew any idle Christian really a rejoicing one . . . and conversely, if you see a man or woman, whatever their position, doing all they can for the cause of Christ, giving up time to work for Him, and trying hard to win others, either rich or poor, for Him, you may be almost certain that they are happy in Christ.

I WILL DIRECT THEIR WORK IN TRUTH

SOME of us know what it is to be miserably afraid of making mistakes in our work. . . . If we could see under the surface, surely we should see that no mistakes are made when we are really trusting this word. Asking without trusting . . . or asking as a kind of experiment upon the promise, or taking it for granted in a general way that God is directing us, or going ahead in our own particular line without constant uplooking

—with the unacknowledged idea that, because we were directed yesterday, things will come all right to-day : all this is not the simple, implicit, and continual waiting of our eyes upon the Lord our God, which meets the constant guidance of His eye. But watching daily, and trusting simply, this promise will no more fail than any other.

COUNSEL TO A YOUNG NIECE

GO to work for Him at once, put your little sickle in, and see if the Lord does not make the sheaves fall before it ! *Don't hold back from letting Him use you.* . . . Keep trusting the Lord Jesus, or rather let Him keep you trusting, and draw every word from Him ; ask Him always, all day long, what to do, what to say. Pray Mr. Aitken's prayer : " Lord, take my lips and speak through them ; take my mind and think through it ; take my heart and set it on fire ! "

TO A CHRISTIAN UNDERGRADUATE

WHAT was really the thing you most cared for—coming " to the help of the Lord " in a special effort to win souls for His honour and glory, or pointers and partridges ? O be honest with yourself about the whole thing. . . . Have you ever given as much energy " to the help of the Lord against the mighty " as you ever gave to rowing or coaching your crew ?

GOD'S INSTRUMENT

I HAVE been thinking much about you, though I have heard nothing except the bare fact of your aunt's illness and your being nurse. It may be that God is going to train you Himself, in ways that we do not know. . . . You have put yourself into His hands, yielded yourself to Him to be His instrument, and there is the end of your present responsibility about it. Now let Him work . . . and see if the day does not come when you will look back and say He has led you by the right way. Perhaps the shortest cut would not be the right way! . . . He will take care to make the most of His own instrument. No fear that He will let it rust and spoil! But He may put it aside, dipped in oil for a little, and then grind it afresh, and then polish it, and make it a ten times more valuable instrument than it could have been, if He had taken and used it at once.

From a letter dated April, 1876.

MY WORK IS WITH MY GOD

SURELY my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God. That word "work" seems to include and imply "reward of work," so the whole thing is with your God; it is as if you carry home your daily portion of work to Him, and He lays it up safe with what preceded

it ; and some day He will bring it out all in one beautiful, completed piece, with many finishings and beautifyings beyond what your hand wrought ; and His *Well Done* will be your reward.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1879—FIVE MONTHS BEFORE HER DEATH

THERE really is nothing but encouragement in God's Word for His workers ; not a precept without a corresponding promise ; not an allusion to difficulties without ten times as many corresponding notes of hope and help. And, of course, what He promises He not only means, but actually does fulfil to His faithful ones.

Work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts . . . not merely looking down out of the sky at you struggling in your work, but by your very side, closer than the nearest colleague, holding you by the hand, whispering strange words of power for you to use, and words of still stranger power for your own heart only, calming and strengthening and gladdening it ; so that if you are [as] " men wondered at " by others, you are a great deal more wondered at by yourself. You are so marvellously helped that you " never would have thought it ! " No, of course not ; but, you see, His thoughts towards you in your work were much better than yours.

THE EVERLASTING SERVICE

REST is sweet, but service (in proportion to our love) is sweeter still. Those who have served much here cannot but anticipate the fuller and more perfect service above. Those who have to do little more than stand and wait here, will perhaps revel even more than others in the new experience of active service, coming at once, as it were, into its full delight.

Think about it a little. What will it be to be able at last to express not only all the love we now feel, but all the perfected love of infinitely enlarged capability of loving in the equally perfected service of equally enlarged capability of serving? Able to show Jesus a love which would burst our hearts if poured into them now! Able to put all the new rapture of praise into living action for Him! Able to go on serving Him day and night, without any weariness in it, and never a hateful shadow of weariness of it; without any interruptions; without any mistakes at all; without any thinking how much better someone else could have done it, or how much better we ought to have done it; above all, without the least mixture of sin in motive or deed—pure, perfect service of Him whom we love and see face to face!

How full of surprises the new service will be! New powers, new and entirely congenial fellow-workers, new spheres, new ministries; only two

things not new, if our earthly service has been true—no new power, and no new end and aim, but the same, even His power and His glory . . . and still we shall say (only I think we shall sing it), *Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.*

IV

FOR THOSE IN SICKNESS OR SORROW

[UNDER this heading are collected from various sources parts of F. R. H.'s letters and papers which speak to the suffering with peculiar tenderness and power. She herself had graduated in God's university of grief, and her own experiences of physical pain and inward disappointment made her an adept in the sacred art of sympathy. To her there were appointed great trials, but there were granted consolations even greater still; so that her faith could confess: *O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit.*]

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN

I THINK that, during certain stages of Christian life and experience, pain is always a mystery. And so long, it is a grand trial of trust in God's perfect wisdom and love and rightness. . . . But wait patiently till you have had, first, some years of pastoral work, and, second, some personal experience of great pain; and then you will see. To myself the whole thing is clear as sunshine, but tenfold clearer since the intense pain through which He has led me of late.

1. Pain, as to outsiders, is no mystery when looked at in the light of God's holiness, and in

the light of Calvary. The deeper our views of and hatred of sin (as the Holy Spirit's teaching in our hearts progresses), the more clear will all that is connected with sin become ; and as, had there been no sin there would have been no pain, it is all, and more than all, deserved. . . .

It is, further, a real proof of God's love. He cannot, being Love, enjoy the sight of suffering, it *must* be so much worse to Him than to you, as He is infinitely greater and more loving than you ! And yet He inflicts or permits it, that He may rouse, and warn, and check, and save. What thousands have blessed Him for the pain that came like a rough hand catching them as they fell over a precipice, hurting and pinching their very flesh, but saving their lives ! In how many ways a skilful doctor gives pain that he may prevent much greater and worse suffering ! At the same time I am quite sure that with very, very rare exceptions bodily pain, though far more trying to witness, is not anything to compare with mental pain, and it leaves no sting or scar, as almost every other form of real trial must do. . . .

2. Pain, as to God's own children, is, truly and really, only blessing in disguise. It is but His chiselling, one of His graving tools, producing the likeness to Jesus for which we long. I never yet came across a suffering (real) Christian who could not thank Him for pain ! Is not this a strong and comforting fact ? I do not say

that they always do so during the very moments of keenest pain, though much more often than not I think they are able to do this; but, certainly, they do deliberately praise Him for it afterwards. I think one must pass through it for oneself before one can fully realize the actual blessedness of suffering; meanwhile, you may well take the testimony of those who have. Its conscious effects are to give one a deeper feeling of one's entire weakness and helplessness (a lesson which we are all slow to learn in health), and of the real nothingness of earthly aims and comforts, and the fleetingness and unsatisfactoriness of everything except Christ. Then, it drives one to Him each moment, one cannot bear it even one minute alone, one *must* lean and cling—and anything is blessed which does this! And then, one finds that He *is* tender and gracious, that His promises are precious, that His Presence is *a reality—even if unrealized!* (a true paradox!). Then, one has opportunities, which one could not otherwise have, of learning trust, and patience, and meekness; it is a time of growing up into Him in these things. Then, one realizes more what it must have been to Jesus to endure real, actual, bodily pain for us. I never saw such tremendous force in *Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree* as when suffering great pain myself; it seemed a new page of His love unfolded to me.

I could write sheets more on the blessed teachings of pain, but if I did I should perhaps bring it on! So far, the whole question of pain is rather one of sight than of faith to me now; it has become so clear to me, as a part of God's great plan which could not be done without. But I find yet scope for faith beyond. I believe there is a mysterious connection between suffering here and actual capabilities of enjoyment hereafter, and that suffering here is training (I cannot tell how) for that glorious service above, to which I delight to look forward.

From a letter written in 1877.

SOFTLY AND SAFELY

FOR ye have not passed this way heretofore. We have not passed this way heretofore, but the Lord Jesus has. . . . It is all untrodden and unknown ground to us, but He knows it all by personal experience; the steep bits that take away our breath, the stony bits that make our feet ache so, the hot, shadeless stretches that make us feel so exhausted, the rushing rivers that we have to pass through, Jesus has gone through it all before us. Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses. . . . He Himself hath suffered being tempted. . . . He was wearied with His journey. . . . Not some but all the many waters went over Him, and yet did not quench

His love. . . . He was made a perfect Leader by the things which He suffered. . . . He knows all about it, and leads us softly according as we are able to endure.

For *He knoweth our frame.* And He does not only know, with that sort of up-on-the-shelf knowledge which is often guilty of want of thought among ourselves, but *He remembereth that we are dust.* . . . Think of that when you are tempted to question the gentleness of the leading. He is remembering all the time ; and not one step will He make you take beyond what your foot is able to endure. Never mind if you think it will not be able for the step that seems to come next ; either He will so strengthen it that it shall be able, or He will call a sudden halt, and you shall not have to take it at all. . . .

Turn to the Good Shepherd in whose feeble flock you are, and remember that He remembers. Talk to Him about it, and if too weary even for that, then just lean on Him with whom you have to do. . . . If we are pulling this way and that way, straggling and struggling, and wasting our steps by little turnings aside, He may have to resort to other means to keep us in the way at all. But if we are willing to lean, we shall soon find that He is leading not only rightly (that we never doubted) but softly, too. And leading softly will not be leading slowly. . . . *He led them forth by the right way.*

LET HIM DO WHAT SEEMETH HIM GOOD

ELI spoke these words under the terrible certainty of heavy judgments upon his house. . . . It is almost easier to say so when a crushing blow has actually fallen than when there is suspense and uncertainty as to what the Lord may be going to do. There is always more or less of this element of suspense and uncertainty. . . . We hold not a treasure on earth which we are sure of keeping ; and we never know whether gain or loss, failure or success, ease or pain, lies before us. And if we were allowed to put our finger on the balance of uncertainties and turn it as we chose, we should be sure to defeat some ultimate aim by securing a nearer one, and prevent some greater good by grasping a lesser. I think if we were permitted to try such an experiment, we should soon grow utterly puzzled and weary, and find ourselves landed in complications of mistakes ; and if we had any sense left, we should want to put it all back into our Father's hands, and say, " Let Him do what seemeth *Him* good " . . .

Then why not be relieved and at rest at once ? For it is the Lord who is going to do we know not what. That is a volume in itself—the Lord who loves you, the Lord who thinks about you and cares for you, the Lord who understands

you, the Lord who never makes a mistake, the Lord who spared not His own Son but gave Him up for you! Will you not let *Him* do what seemeth Him good? . . . The original word . . . is *what is good in His eyes*. Those Eyes see through and through, and all round and beyond everything. So what is good in His Eyes must be absolutely and entirely good, a vast deal better than our best! There is great rest in knowing that He will do what is right, but He crowns the rightness with the goodness; and when we see this, the rest is crowned with gladness. Ought it, then, to be so very hard to say, *Let Him do what seemeth Him good*?

Just let Him do what seemeth Him good, and tell Him so! It may be you have been actually hindering deliverance and thwarting help by not letting Him. Do not say, "But what difference can that make? He will do what He pleases, of course, whether I am willing or not." Not exactly that. Does it make no difference if the patient quietly lets the surgeon do what he thinks best? A remedy applied by force, or submitted to unwillingly, may be quite counteracted by fidget, or by feverishness induced or increased through setting one's self against what is prescribed or advised. The Lord's remedies do not have fair play when we set ourselves against them. Even Omnipotence waits for the faith that will let it act.

THE SURE AFTERWARD

"NOW no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." There are some promises which we are apt to reserve for great occasions, and thus lose the continual comfort of them. Perhaps we read this one with a sigh, and say: "How beautiful this is for those whom the Lord is really chastening! I almost think I should not mind that, if such a promise might then be mine. But the things that try me are only little things that turn up every day to trouble and depress me." Well, now, does the Lord specify what degree of trouble, or what kind of trouble, is great enough to make up a claim to the promise? And if He does not, why should you? He only defines it as not joyous, but grievous. Perhaps there have been a dozen different things to-day which were not joyous, but grievous to you. And though you feel ashamed of feeling them so much, and hardly like to own to their having been so trying, and would not think of dignifying them as chastening, yet, if they come under the Lord's definition, He not only knows all about them, but they were, every one of them, chastenings from His hand; neither to be despised and called just nothing when all the while they did grieve

you; nor to be wearied of; because they are working out blessing to you and glory to Him. Every one of them has been an unrecognized token of His love and interest in you; for *whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.*

Next, do not let us reserve this promise for chastenings in the aggregate. Notice the singular pronoun, *Nevertheless, afterward* IT *yieldeth*, not "they yield." Does not this indicate that every separate chastening has its own especial afterward? We think of trials as intended to do us good in the long run, and in a general sort of way; but the Lord says of each one, "*It* yieldeth." Apply this to the present. The particular annoyance which befell you this morning; the vexatious words which met your ear and grieved your spirit; the disappointment which was His appointment for to-day; the slight but hindering ailment; the presence of someone who is a grief of mind to you; whatever this day seemeth not joyous, but grievous, is linked in the good pleasure of His goodness with a corresponding afterward of peaceable fruit; the very seed from which, if you only do not choke it, this shall spring and ripen.

If we set ourselves to watch the Lord's dealings with us, we shall often be able to detect a most beautiful correspondence and proportion between each individual "chastening" and its own resulting "afterward." The habit of thus watching

and expecting will be very comforting, and a great help to quiet trust when some new chastening is sent: for then we shall simply consider it as the herald and earnest of a new "afterward."

BE SILENT TO THE LORD (*Psalm 37 : 7, marg.*)

ONLY real friends understand silence. With a passing guest or ceremonial acquaintance you feel under an obligation to talk; you make effort to entertain them as a matter of courtesy; you may be tired or weak, but no matter, you feel you must exert yourself. But with a very dear and intimate friend sitting by you, there is no feeling of the kind. To be sure, you may talk if you feel able; pouring out all sorts of confidences, relieved and refreshed by the interchange of thoughts and sympathies. But if you are very tired, you know you do not need to say a word. You are perfectly understood, and you know it. You can enjoy the mere fact of your friend's presence, and find that does you more good than conversation. The sense of that present and sympathetic affection rests you more than any words. And your friend takes it as the highest proof of your friendship and confidence, and probably never loves you so vividly as in these still moments. No matter that twilight is falling, and that you cannot see each other's faces, the presence and the silence are full of brightness and eloquence, and you feel they are enough.

Even so we may be silent to the Lord. Just because we know He loves us so really and understands us so thoroughly! There is no need when very weary, bodily or mentally, or both, to force ourselves to entertain Him, so to speak; to go through a sort of duty-work of a certain amount of uttered words or arranged thoughts. That might be if He were only to us as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night, but not with the beloved and Gracious One who has come in to abide with us, and is always there! If this is His relation to us, there is no fear but what there will be, at other times, plenty of intercourse; but now, when we are so tired, we may just be silent to Him, instead of speaking to Him.

This is one of the expressions which are exclusively used concerning the things of God. There is no such thing as being silent to anyone else. Silent *with* a mortal friend, but never silent *to* any but the Immortal One. Though it has its earthly analogy, it is not identically the same. For none but our Lord can interpret the unseen pulsings of that which to human ken is only silence. He hears the music they are measuring out before Him. He takes the confidence of that hush at its full value of golden love. He sees the soul's attitude of devotion and faith through the shadows which hide it from itself.

Sometimes He takes the opportunity of our

silence to speak Himself. He answers it *with good words and comfortable words*. And do we not know that one such word from Him is more than anything else, worth ten thousandfold all the weariness or exhaustion of pain which brought us to be silent ?

But sometimes He answers silence with silence. What then ? Are we to conclude that He is gone away, or is not thinking about us, forgetting to be gracious ? We are judging Him as He would not judge us. He did not put such an interpretation on our silence ; then why should we on His ? Let us take His interpretation of it. . . . *He will be silent in His love*. Can any words be more beautiful ! It is as if He, even He, who made man's mouth, had made no words which could express His exceeding great love, and therefore He could only expand it in the silence which lies above and below and beyond all language. . . .

We may be sure He has many things to say to us, when He sees we can bear them. But till His time to speak is come, let our silence of trust respond to His silence of love.

MY SPEECH SHALL DISTIL AS THE DEW

BUT who hears the dew fall ? What microphone could reveal that music to our " gross unpurged ears " ?

The dew distils in silence. So does the speech

of our God. Most frequently in the silence of trust. . . . In that stillness God's silent love can be condensed into dewlike communications ; not read, not heard, but made known by the direct power of the Spirit upon the soul. Most often He does this by thrilling into remembrance something from the written Word, already learnt, but now flashing out in the quickened memory as if it had never been heard before.

We do not get much of this if we are always in the midst of noise and turmoil and bustle. He can, and now and then He does, send this speech through a very chaos of bustle or trouble. He can make a point of silence in the very centre of a cyclone, and speak there to our hearts. But the more usual way is to make a wider silence for His dew to fall, by calling us apart into some quiet place of sorrow or sickness. So when we find ourselves thus led into a wilderness, let us forthwith look out for the dew, and it will not fail. Then our desert will rejoice and blossom as the rose. . . .

The dew distils in darkness. Not in the darkness of external trial alone. It is easy to understand that, and most of us have experienced it. The beautiful thing is that the life-giving speech distils even in soul darkness. " Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that walketh in darkness and hath no light ? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God."

There are times when we simply cannot see anything, when there is nothing for it but to hold on and trust in the dark; times when we do not seem even to be walking in the dark, but when, like Micah, we *sit* in darkness, too feeble even to grope. Such darkness often comes in a time of reaction and weariness after special work and exertion, very often indeed after great or exciting success, sometimes even after unusually vivid spiritual blessing. An interval of convalescence after acute illness, when the overtaxed nervous energy has more than it can do in slowly refilling the chalice of life that had been so nearly spilled on the ground, is peculiarly liable to it. And the sufferers who never pass beyond that stage . . . know its shadow perhaps best of all. . . .

Now it seems to me that it is in this kind of darkness that His speech distils as the dew. You look out some dark night after a hot, dusty day; there is no storm, no rain, there is not the least token to your senses of what is going on. You look out again in the morning, and you see every blade and leaf tipped with a dewdrop; everything is revived and freshened, prepared for the heat of the day, and smiling at the glow. Just so His words are silently falling on your souls in the darkness, and preparing them for the day. They do not come with any sensible power, nothing flashes out from the page as at other times, nothing shines so as to shed any

pleasant light on your path, you do not hear any sound of abundance of rain. You seem as if you could not take the words in; and if you could, your mind is too weary to meditate on them. But they are distilling as the dew all the time!

Do not quarrel with the invisible dew because it is not a visible shower. The Lord would send a shower if that was the true need to be supplied to His vineyard; but as He is sending His speech in another form, you may be quite sure it is because He is supplying your true need thereby. . . . These words of His, which you are remembering so feebly, or reading without being able to grasp, are not going to return void. They are doing His own work on your soul, only in a quite different way to what you would choose. By and by they will sparkle out in the light of a new morning, and you will find yourself starting fresh, and perhaps wondering how it is that the leaves of life which hung so limp and drooping are so fresh and firm again no their stems.

The dew falls not in one mass of water, but in innumerable little drops. What one drop does not reach another does. So it is not one overwhelmingly powerful word which does this holy night work in the soul, but the unrealized influence of many, dropping softly on the plants of the Lord which He has planted, one resting here,

another there; one touching an unrecognized need, and another reaching an unconsciously failing grace. "Each drop uncounted hath its own mission, and is duly sent to its own leaf or blade."

Sometimes God's dew goes on falling through many hours of the night. The watches seem very long, and the starlight does not reveal it. But none of it is lost; some is already doing a hidden work as it falls around the very roots of our being, and some is ready to be revealed in sparkling brightness when the night is over, lessons learnt among the shadows to be lived out in the sunshine.

The object of the dew is to maintain life in dry places and seasons. Dwellers in rainless regions understand this better than we do, but we can see enough of it in any dry week in summer to understand the beauty of the figure. So this speech is spirit and life to souls which are, however feebly, yet really alive unto God. Dew does nothing for the stones. You would not know there ever was any at all if you only look at the gravel path. And it makes no difference at all to a dead leaf. But if it falls on the little fading plant that could hardly have lived through many more days of July sunshine, the weak little stem straightens up as the leaves absorb the life-renewing moisture, and the closed blossom can open out again with fresher fragrance than

before. So God keeps on distilling His speech into our frail spiritual life, or it would soon wither up. Dryness is more to be dreaded than darkness.

Only let us be trustfully content to let this dew of heaven fall in the dark, and when we cannot hear or see, recollect that He says: *My speech shall distil as the dew.*

THE LORD'S CHERISHING

CHERISHETH it, even as the Lord the Church. The Church is not only one body, but also many members; "for the body is not one member, but many." And what is true for the whole is true also for the smallest part. Lest anyone should think the individual is rather lost in the great whole, the gracious word of our God comes down to meet the possible or passing tremor, and says: "Ye are," not only the body of Christ, but "members in particular."

Do not hesitate to take all the revelation of love that shines softly through this one word *cherisheth* for your own self; for the more you feel yourself to be the weakest imaginable member of Christ, unworthy to be a member at all of His glorious body, the more closely and sweetly will it apply to you.

For it necessarily implies, on the one side, weakness and inferiority and need. It would be nothing to us if we felt extremely strong and capable and self-contained. . . . We do not

talk about "cherishing" an oak-tree, or an athlete, or even a strong-minded woman. Our heart-welcome to this beautiful word, and our sense of its preciousness, will be just in proportion to our sense of being among the Lord's little ones, or weak ones, no matter what others suppose us to be. . . . Even a father in Christ or a mother in Israel may turn with the heart of a little child, lovingly and gratefully, and perhaps very wearily too, to their cherishing Lord, to be comforted afresh with the old comforts, and hushed to rest on the little pillow of some very familiar text. . . .

How do we cherish a little weak plant? There were plenty of handsomer ones, but this little cutting or seedling was perhaps a gift in the first place; and then we took a fancy to it, so that we cared doubly for it. Then we felt a sort of pity for it, because it was such a delicate little thing; so we shielded it, and perhaps re-potted it, that it might strike its little roots more freely. We watched it day by day, giving it just enough water and not too much. We set it in the light when it was ready, and turned it round now and then, so that even too much light might not make it grow one-sidedly. And when at last it put out a flower for us, we thought more of that than of any ninety-nine blossoms in the great garden. Is not this something like our Lord's cherishing?

Then think how *a nurse cherisheth her children.*

. . . How the little ailments are watched and attended to ; how the little weary heads are laid on her shoulders and stroked to sleep ; how the little meals are regulated and given ; *never* forgotten—who ever heard of such a thing ! How the little garments are kept clean and comfortable, changed and mended, as need may be. How the nursery fire is looked after (while all the while the guard is kept on the bars), so that the room should not be too hot or too cold. How the little bodies are cared for and loved every inch, even the little fingers and toes ! How the little fancies are borne with and entered into, not unheeded or scorned ; and the silly little questions patiently answered, and the baby lessons taught, and the small tempers managed, and checked, and forgiven ! That is cherishing. Need we trace its close resemblance to the dealings of our infinitely patient and gentle Lord ?

Then think of the still higher and closer cherishing of the weak wife by the strong husband—itself shown by the only possible stronger figure, *No man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it.* . . . Even thus the Lord cherisheth you—He gives you His name to bear as your honour, and His very heart to dwell in as the home of your soul. He gives you the right of constant access, the right of continual dwelling in His presence. He makes you partaker

of His very nature, joining you unto Himself, not only in a perpetual covenant, but as "one spirit" with Him. He pays all your debts, and now all your wants lie upon Him, and these wants are each and all foreseen and provided for, and supplied with untiring love. He knows in an instant when you are weary or ailing, whether in body or spirit, and knows how to speak the right word for either, speaking verily to your heart—knows, too, when to be silent for a little while. His cherishing goes on night and day—just as much in the dark as in the light; and will go on, faithfully, ceaselessly, all through your life-long need of it, unto the end; and there is no shadowing whisper to fall upon this life-long manifestation of love, no such word as "till death us do part." No absence of your Lord shall deprive you of it; and all that death can do is to take away the last veil, that you may see face to face, and know even as you are known.

THY HAND PRESSETH ME SORE

THE hand is the most sensitive member, gifted with the most quick and delicate nerves of touch. When it presses, it instinctively measures the pressure; the contact is the closest possible; the throb which cannot be seen is felt, truly and immediately. This is how His dear hand is pressing you; this is what the pain means.

Have you ever watched the exceedingly delicate and yet firm pressure of the hand of a skilful tuner? He will make the string produce a perfectly true note, vibrating in absolute accord with his own never-changing tuning-fork. The practised hand is at one with the accurate ear, and the pressure is brought to bear with most delicate adjustment to the resistance: the tension is never exceeded, he never breaks a string; but he patiently strikes the note again and again, till the tone is true and his ear is satisfied, and then the muscles relax and the pressure ceases. The string may be a poor little thin one, yielding a very small note; but that does not matter at all; it is wanted in its place: just as much as a great bass one that can yield a volume of deep sound. The tuner takes just the same pains with it, and is just as satisfied when it vibrates true to the pitch, retaining its own individual tone. That string could not tune itself, and no machine was ever invented to accomplish it; nothing but the firm and sensitive pressure of the tuner's own living hand can bring it into tune.

Will you not trust your Tuner, and begin a note of praise even under the pressure?

Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best,
Stretch or contract me, Thy poor debtor.
This is but tuning of my breast
To make the music better.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

I SUPPOSE that God's crosses are often made of the most unexpected and strange material. Perhaps trial must be felt keenly, or it would not be powerful enough as a medicine in the hands of our beloved Healer.

Written in 1866.

* * * *

Experience of life is a great commentary on the Bible, and a sort of realization of it. At first, the Bible is a detailed map, which we study and admire; but on the road we find the very same things noticed, but not realized, in one's map. Many of the hills and valleys I [had] read of (and only read of) in the Psalms seem to have come across my own journey of late.

* * * *

When one is brought into any new trial, it is like reaching a whole new vein of promises, getting into fresh strata altogether; it is . . . as if an entirely fresh side of the Bible were turned out towards one, which we never saw at all before.

Written in March, 1869.

* * * *

I do so hope that God will mercifully soon give you some special interest; it would so help

the great wound to cicatrize. You can't cut one out for yourself, and He may see fit to withhold it for a long time yet, but this is the special thing I wish for you just now. . . . It would be such a valuable means of comfort. I do not think there is any means, short of God's own direct comfort, which does so much towards helping one over a great trial as some new interest, if strong enough to be really such.

Written in May, 1869.

* * * *

I have surely seen the affliction of My people . . . and have heard their cry . . . for I know their sorrows (Exod. iii. 7).

That sorrow which can be seen is the lightest form really, however apparently heavy; then there is that which is not seen, secret sorrows which yet can be put into words, and can be told to near friends as well as be poured out to God; but there are sorrows beyond these, such as are never told, and cannot be put into words, and may only be wordlessly laid before God: these are the deepest. Now comes the supply for each: *I have seen*, that which is patent and external; *I have heard their cry*, which is the expression of this and of as much of the internal as is expressible; but this would not go deep enough, so God adds, *I know their*

sorrows, down to the very depths of all, those which no eye sees or ear ever heard.

Written in 1870.

* * * *

I will not leave you comfortless. It was a greater loss than any which the disciples were to endure, His own personal presence withdrawn. . . . What could make up for this greatest loss of all? How could He go away, and yet not leave them comfortless? You are called now to the same sort of trial of faith; can you not trust the truth and love of the Master who sends it? And then, *I will come to you.* You know something of how He can come, but do you think you have reached the end of His gracious comings?

Written in 1873.

* * * *

I will hand on to you what comforted me exceedingly a night or two ago, though not a text. It is the refrain of an old slave hymn, "Nobody knows but Jesus." . . . Say that to yourself the next time you feel troubled, and have no relief in telling it to a human ear. . . . Just a secret between one's own sore heart and the dear Lord's loving heart.

Written in 1877.

* * * *

Yes, I will be one to give thanks for the superabounding consolation; but it is so much harder

to rejoice in the tribulation of others than in one's own, that I must own to grieving a little that there should be such need of these consolations. I could choose a smoother path for you, dear friend, and then, what an amount of blessing I should make you miss!

Written in 1878.

* * * *

I do trust that ere now you are still further on the way to recovery. Yet there is, I *know*, so much real blessing in the touch of our Lord's hand, even when we have to say "Thy hand presseth me sore," that somehow, ever since a very long and suffering illness of my own, I have hardly been able to say sincerely to any really Christian friend, "I am sorry you have been ill." And the "afterward" [i.e. "afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness"] is surely promised. Every time of calling apart leads us to know and understand a little better "Him with whom we have to do."

Written in October, 1878.

V

THE LOVE OF CHRIST

[THESE selections fall together naturally, inevitably, under the title placed above them. For they all deal with Divine Love.]

GOD has created us to love. We have a sealed treasure of love, which either remains sealed, and then gradually dries up and wastes away, or is unsealed and poured out, and yet is the fuller and not the emptier for the outpouring. The more love we give, the more we have to give. So far it is only natural. But when the Holy Spirit reveals the love of Christ, and sheds abroad the love of God in our hearts, this natural love is penetrated with a new principle, as it discovers a new Object. Everything that it beholds in that Object gives it new depth and new colours. As it sees the holiness, the beauty, and the glory, it takes the deep hues of conscious sinfulness, unworthiness, and nothingness. As it sees even a glimpse of the love that passeth knowledge, it takes the glow of wonder and gratitude. And when it sees that love drawing close to its deepest need with blood-purchased

pardon, it is intensified and stirred, and there is no more time for weighing and measuring; we must pour it out, all there is of it, with our tears, at the feet that were pierced for love of us.

The love of Christ is not an absorbing, but a radiating love. The more we love Him, the more we shall most certainly love others. Some have not much natural power of loving, but the love of Christ will strengthen it. Some have had the springs of love dried up by some terrible earthquake. They will find "fresh springs" in Jesus, and the gentle flow will be purer and deeper than the old torrent could ever be. Some have been satisfied that it should rush in a narrow channel, but He will cause it to overflow into many another, and widen its course of blessing. Some have spent it on all their God-given dear ones. Now He is come whose right it is; and yet in the fullest resumption of that right He is so gracious that He puts back an even larger measure of the old love into our hand, sanctified with His own love, and energized with His blessing, and strengthened with His new commandment, *That ye love one another, as I have loved you.*

There is no love so deep and wide as that which is kept for Jesus. It flows both fuller and farther when it flows only through Him. Then, too, it will be a power for Him. It will always be unconsciously working for Him. In drawing others to ourselves by it, we shall be necessarily

drawing them nearer to the fountain of our love, never drawing them away from it. It is the great magnet of His love which alone can draw any heart to Him; but when our own [hearts] are thoroughly yielded to its mighty influence, they will be so magnetized that He will condescend to use them in this way.

His Love . . . not as an attribute, a quality, a latent force, but an acting, moving, reaching, touching, and grasping power. Love, not a cold, beautiful, far-off star, but a sunshine that comes and enfolds us, making us warm and glad, and strong and bright and fruitful.

His love! What manner of love is it? What should be quoted to prove or describe it? First the whole Bible with its mysteries and marvels of redemption, then the whole book of Providence and the whole volume of creation. Then add to these the unknown records of eternity past and the unknown glories of eternity to come, and then let the immeasurable quotation be sung by angels, and archangels, and all the company of heaven, with all the harps of God, and still that love will be untold, still it will be *the love of Christ that passeth knowledge*.

THE THINGS WHICH HE SUFFERED

THIS pathetic plural is full of suggestion. How much suffering is dimly hinted in the one intimation that He bare our sicknesses!

How much may be hidden under the supposition of the Jews that He was nearly fifty years of age, when so little beyond thirty! How sharp must have been the experiences which graved such lines upon the visage so marred more than any man! Think of all that must have gone on under the surface of His home life, where neither did His brethren believe in Him. Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself. Think what temptation must have been to the Holy One, and what the concentration of malice and great rage when the prince of darkness went forth to do his worst against the lonely Son of Man, whom he knew to be the Son of God. . . . What things He suffered before He came to the agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, which filled up the cup which His Father gave Him to drink for us men and for our salvation!

. . . All this, that He might be made a perfect Saviour, having learnt by personal experience the suffering from which He saves as well as the suffering in which He supports and with which He sympathizes; having learnt by personal experience the obedience by which "many shall be made righteous," and which is at once our justification and our example.

All this, that He might be a perfect Captain of our salvation, knowing all and far more than all the hardships of the rank and file.

All this, that He might be the Author of eternal salvation to them that obey Him, to you and me! . . . It is part of the strange power of the remembrance of our Lord's sufferings that it brings strength and solace and peace; for, as Bunyan says, He hath given us rest by His sorrow. The bitterness of death to Him is the very fountain of the sweetness of life to us. Do the words after all seem to fall without power or reality on your heart? Is it nothing, or very little more than nothing, to you? Not that you do not know it is all true, but your heart seems cold, and your apprehension mechanical and your faith paralysed. . . . Thank God that feelings do not alter facts! He suffered for this sinful coldness as well as for all other sins. He suffered, the Just for the unjust; and are we not emphatically unjust when we requite His tremendous love this way? Still you don't feel it, though you own it. You see it all, but it is through a transparent wall of ice. What is to be done? Ask, and ask at once, for the Holy Spirit, that He may melt the ice and take of these things of Christ, showing them to you, not in the light of natural understanding and mere mental reception of undeniable facts, but revealing them with His own Divine power and bowing your whole soul under the weight of the exceeding great love of our Master and only Saviour, Jesus Christ, as manifested in *the things which He suffered.*

SO SHALL THE KING GREATLY DESIRE THY BEAUTY

WHAT beauty have we that the King can desire? For the more we have seen of His beauty, the more we have seen of our own utter ugliness. What, then, can He see? "My comeliness which I had put upon thee." "The beauty of the Lord our God upon us." For "He will beautify the meek with salvation." And so the desire of the King is set upon us.

Perhaps we have had the dreary idea, "Nobody wants me!" We never need grope in that gloom again, when the King Himself desires us! This desire is love active, love in glow, love going forth, love delighting and longing. It is the strongest representation of the love of Jesus—something far beyond the love of pity or compassion; it is taking pleasure in His people; delighting in them; willing . . . that they should be with Him where He is, with Him now, with Him always. It is the love that does not and will not endure separation—the love that cannot do without its object. . . .

He gave us a glimpse of this gracious fervour when He said, "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." With Gethsemane and Calvary in fullest view, His heart's desire was to spend those few last hours in closest intercourse with His disciples. . . .

Let us leave off morbidly looking to see exactly how much we love (which is just like trying to warm ourselves with a thermometer . . .) and look straight away at His love and His desire! Think of Jesus actually wanting you, really desiring your love, not satisfied with all the love of all the angels and saints unless you love Him too—needing that little drop to fill His cup of joy!

Perhaps it is upon the emphatic "*so*" as pointing to the context, that the intensity of the emphatic "*greatly*" hinges. It is when the bride forgets her own people and her father's house —that is, when her life and love are altogether given to her Royal Bridegroom—that He shall *greatly* desire her beauty. When His glorious beauty has so filled our eyes, and His incomprehensible love has so filled our hearts, that He is first, and most, and dearest of all—when we can say, not merely "The desire of our souls is to Thy name," but "There is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee"—when thus we are, to the very depth of our being, really and entirely our Beloved's, then we may add, in solemn, wondering gladness, "and His desire is toward me."

I AM THINE

AFTER all, "I am Thine" is only an echo, varying in clearness according to faith's atmosphere and our nearness to the original

Voice. Yes, it is only the echo of "Thou art Mine," falling in its mighty music on the responsive, because Spirit-prepared, heart. This note of heavenly music never originated with any earthly rock. It is only when God sends forth the Spirit of His Son in our hearts that we cry, "Abba, Father." . . . Therefore do not overlook the Voice, in the gladness of the echo. Listen, and you will hear it falling from the mysterious heights of High-Priestly intercession: *They are Thine. And All Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine.*

The echo may vary and falter . . . but the Voice never varies or falters. He does not say, "Thou art Mine" to-day, and reverse or weaken it to-morrow. . . . Love that is everlasting cannot be ephemeral; it is everlasting, and what can we say more?

The more we by faith and experience realize that we are His own in life and death, the more willing we shall be that He should do what He will with His own, and the more sure we shall be that He will do the very best with it, and make the very most of it.

VI

HOLY COMMUNION

[The following extracts reveal the author's personal attitude of spirit towards the Communion Service.]

THE TABLE OF THE KING

IN every thought connected with the King's table we see Jesus only.

He prepares the feast—"Thou preparest a table before me." He gives the invitation—"Come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me." He gives the qualifying position of adoption, receiving us as "the King's sons." He brings us into "His banqueting-house." He bids us partake, saying, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." He is with us at the feast, for "the King sitteth at His table." He Himself is the heavenly food, the bread and the meat of His table; for He says, "The bread that I will give is My flesh," and "My flesh is meat indeed."

He Himself! Nothing less is offered to us, for nothing less could truly satisfy. How wonderfully the spiritual feeding, with its mode and its means, is expressed in the words of our Communion Service: "Feed on Him in thy heart

by faith, with thanksgiving"! "Feed on Him!" —not on sacred emblem, not on outward and visible sign, but on Himself. This first in place, first in thought. "He that eateth Me" (can words be stronger) "even he shall live by Me." Then the mode, *in thy heart;* then the means, *by faith*; could it close otherwise than *with thanksgiving*?

It is not occasional but continual feeding on Christ that really satisfies the longing soul, and fills the hungry soul with goodness. "He did eat continually at the king's table." It is "he that cometh to Me" who "shall never hunger," not "he that did come." "To whom coming," always coming, never going away, because we have tasted that the Lord is gracious, we shall be built up.

If we are really guests at the King's table in its fullest sense—if we are feeding upon Christ Himself, and not on any shadow of the true substance—we must be satisfied. Here is a strong, severe test. Christ must satisfy; then, if we are not satisfied, it must be because we are not feeding on Him wholly and only. . . .

When we feel that we are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under His table, how precious are the words, "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them"! When we remember that we were dead in trespasses and sins, we may recollect that Lazarus, the raised one, was one of them that sat at the table with Him. When we come back from the battlefield,

weary yet victorious, we may look for our King of Peace coming to meet us with bread and wine and His own priestly blessing, that we may be strengthened and refreshed by Himself.

EAT YE THAT WHICH IS GOOD

JESUS, our Wisdom, says, *Come, eat of My bread.* . . . One is utterly ashamed that it should ever be an effort to obey this loving invitation. How weak we are! But His hand touches us, and He says, *Arise, and eat.* May He open our eyes to see and rejoice in the provision so close beside us, the feast that He has made for us. Not only His word, but the happy doing of His will shall be our meat, and we shall afterward eat of the holy things, because it is His food. He will give us to eat of the tree of life and of the hidden manna. And He will give us Himself, the living Bread which came down from heaven, saying, *He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.*

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME

HIS last commandment! Do we not desire to obey it in its very fullest meaning, to do exactly what He meant us to do, and all that He meant us to do in it? Let us pray that He may open our eyes to behold wondrous things in it, and enable us to rise through the letter to the spirit.

It is not simply *This do*. We may obey so far month by month or week by week, and yet never once have obeyed our Lord's dying wish or fulfilled His desire. He said, *This do in remembrance of Me*. We cannot remember what we do not know. We must know the Lord Jesus Christ before we can truly remember Him at His table; for He does not say that we are to do it in remembrance of what He said, or even of what He did. That is quite a different thing. We may remember what we have heard or read of Ridley and Latimer, and we might commemorate their martyrdom; but we cannot remember them because we never knew them, except as matter of history. But we know the Lord Jesus Christ as we know no man after the flesh. "We do know that we know Him," and "the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" is our very life; it is the joy with which no stranger intermeddleth.

Without this personal knowledge of Him, there can be no true remembrance of Him in the Lord's Supper. Let us seek to know Him, so that we may be able to remember Him; then the sweet remembrance of Himself and His exceeding great love will include remembrance of the words and ways of the Lord Jesus; then it will arouse our love into a vivid reality of personal affection; then He will draw nigh to us: for *Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember Thee in Thy ways*.

Have we not sometimes gone rather to get something for ourselves than simply to remember Him? And may not this account for some of the disappointment, which is no uncommon experience, that we did not run exactly in the way of His commandment? We went to get strengthening and refreshing. We went perhaps vaguely expecting some peculiar manifestation of Himself, some almost sensible consciousness of His presence which is quite outside of His written promise or command. We went expecting something because we went, a sort of reward in and for the outward act. We remembered our weakness, and our wants, and our wishes, and we forgot that He commanded one thing—the remembrance of Himself. Shall we not ask the Holy Spirit next time to fix our hearts, so that the whole desire of our soul may be *to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee*?

There was no remembrance in that first celebration of the Lord's Supper, that first solemn evening communion; for He was bodily present as the Master of the Feast. The very word was a shadow cast before of the time when He should be taken from them. But now the bright light which was in the cloud shines all along the dim waiting time, revealing this same Jesus; for He whom we specially remember at His table is with us alway, all the days, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He loves us

now as He loved us when He prayed for *all them which shall believe on Me*, in the same night in which He was betrayed. He loves us now as He loved us when He would not come down from the cross to save Himself.

Love is the link between the remembrance and the anticipation ; for the two melt into each other, and form one hallowed radiance of present great delight. *For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come.* So perhaps some will be showing it forth at the very moment when He comes !

Luther said : " I feel as if Jesus Christ died yesterday." So fresh, so vivid, be our love and thankfulness ! But may we add : " And as if He were coming to-day ! " Then our lives would indeed be rich in remembrance and radiant in anticipation, *looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ ; who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity.*

According to Thy gracious word,
In deep humility,
This will I do, my gracious Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

VII

FOR STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS

[UNDER this heading are collected a number of passages drawn from several sources, which appeal to varied moods of Christian experience.]

HIM WITH WHOM WE HAVE TO DO

THESE words seem to meet every sort of need of comfort. If it is perplexity, or oppressive puzzle what to do, when we cannot see through things; or if it is being unable to explain yourself to others, and trials or complications arising out of this: just fall back upon *Him with whom we have to do*, to whose eyes all things are naked and opened. He is your Guide—why need you puzzle? He is your Shield—why need you try so hard or wish so much to explain and vindicate yourself? . . .

And we are answerable only to Him in everything; for this is included in having to do with Him. To our own Master we stand or fall. . . . To Him we have to give account, if from Him we take our orders.

We have to do with Him *directly*. So directly that it is difficult at first to grasp the directness. There is absolutely nothing between the soul

and Jesus, if we will but have it so. . . . We do not need any paper and print, let alone any human voice, between us and Himself.

> To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
> My spirit turns for rest.

That turning is instinctive and instantaneous when we have once learnt what it is to have direct and personal dealing with the Lord Jesus Christ. Life is altogether a different thing then, whether shady or sunshiny, and a stranger intermeddleth not with our hidden joy. Perhaps it is just this that makes such a strangely felt difference between those who equally profess and call themselves Christians. Is Jesus to us *Him with whom we have to do*? or is He only Him whom we know about, and believe about, and with whose laws and ordinances we have to do? This makes all the difference, and everyone who has this personal dealing with Him knows it, and cannot help knowing it.

Do not let this discourage anyone who cannot yet say "Him with whom *I* have to do." For He is more ready and willing thus to have to do with you than you with Him. You may enter at once into this most sweet and solemn position. He is there already: He only waits for you to come into it. Only bring Him your sins and your sinful self, waiting not to rid your soul of one dark blot. Nothing else separates between you

and Him, and He will take them all away and receive you graciously; and then you too shall know the sacred and secret blessedness of having to do with Jesus.

LET MY LORD THE KING NOW SPEAK

ARE we not apt to think more of speaking to the King than of the King speaking to us? We come to the throne of grace with the glad and solemn purpose, "I will now speak unto the King." And we pour out our hearts before Him, and tell Him all the sins and all the needs, all the joys and all the sorrows, till the very telling seems almost an answer, because it brings such a sense of relief. . . . But this is only half-communion; and we miss, perhaps, a great deal of unknown blessing by being content with this one-sided audience.

We should use another *now*, and say, "Let my lord the King now speak." We expect Him to speak some time, but not actually and literally "now," while we kneel before Him. And therefore we do not listen, and therefore we do not hear what He has to say to us.

What about last time we knelt in prayer? Surely He had more to say to us than we had to say to Him, and yet we never waited a minute to see! We did not give Him opportunity for His gracious response. We rushed away from our

King's presence as soon as we had said our say, and vaguely expected Him to send His answers after us somehow and some time, but not there and then. What wonder if they have not yet reached us! The only wonder is that He ever speaks at all when we act thus. If Mary had talked to the Lord Jesus all the time she sat at His feet, she would not have heard His word.

Not that we should pray less, but listen more. And the more we listen, the more we shall want to say afterwards. . . . But we may miss the sweetest whispers of His love by not saying, "Speak, Lord," and not hushing ourselves to "*hear* what God the Lord will speak." We cannot hear His still, small voice during a torrent of noisy and impatient and hurried petition. "I will watch to see what He will say unto me."

We must let the King now speak; not our own hearts and our wandering thoughts, not the world and not the tempter—we must not let these speak; they must be silenced with holy determination. And we must let the King speak *as* King, meeting His utterance with implicit submission and faith and obedience; receiving His least hint with total homage, and love, and gratitude.

He has many a blessed surprise for us in thus listening. We may come very diffidently, saying, 'Let thine handmaid, I pray thee, speak one word unto my lord the King," and, having said

it, wait, saying, *Let my lord the King now speak*, and then find that He has many things to say to us.

I PRAY FOR THEM

HE ever liveth to make intercession for us and so while you have been silent to Him He has been praying for you. If His hand has been upon you so that you could not pray, why need you be mourning over this, when your merciful and faithful High Priest has been offering up the pure and sweet and costly incense of His own intercession? But if your heart condemns you, and you know you gave way to indolent coldness when you might have roused yourself to more prayer, will it not touch you to recollect that, in His wonderful long-suffering, Jesus has been praying instead?

What confident and powerful petitions for His disciples He was pouring out when He said, *I pray for them*. . . . If He had said no more than this, we might have tremulously inferred that, being always the same Lord, He might give us a remote share of some reflected blessing from this prayer. But He anticipates a wish that we should hardly have been bold enough to form and says: *Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word*. Have you believed on Him through their word? Then you have His plain and positive

assurance that He was praying for you then, that verse by verse you may take that prayer of prayers and say, "Jesus prayed this for *me*." And now that He is the centre of the praises of heaven, whence no other echo floats down to us, what is our one permitted glimpse of the continual attitude and occupation of this same Jesus? *Who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.* That is what He is doing for you *now*.

THE ROYAL BOUNTY

ALL God's goodness to us is humbling. The more He does for us, the more ready we are to say, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast shewed unto Thy servant." The weight of a great answer to prayer seems almost too much for us. The grace of it is too wonderful for us. It throws up in such startling relief the disproportion between our little, poor, feeble cry, and the great shining response of God's heart and hand, that we can only say, "Who am I, O Lord God, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? Is this the manner of man, O Lord God?"

But it is more humbling still, when we stand face to face with great things which the Lord hath done for us and given us, which we never asked at all, never even thought of asking—royal bounty, with which not even a prayer had to do.

Look back at our early prayers. Has He not more than granted them? Did we even know how much He could do for us? Did He not answer prayer by opening out new vistas of prayer before us, giving us grace to ask for more grace, faith to plead for more faith? Why, it is all royal bounty from beginning to end! And this is going on now, and will go on for ever, when He has brought us with gladness and rejoicing into His own palace. Not till then shall we understand about those riches of glory in Christ Jesus, out of which He is even now pouring out the supply of all our need.

THE ABIDING JOY

WHO that has known anything of joy in the Lord but has asked, "But will it last?" And why has the question been so often the very beginning of its not lasting? Because we have either asked it of ourselves or of others, and not of the Lord only. His own answers to this continually recurring question are so different from the cautious, chilling, saddening ones which His children so often give. They are absolute, full, reiterated. We little realize how unscriptural we are when we meet His good gift of joy to ourselves or to others with a doubtful, and therefore faithless, "*If* it lasts!"

O happy Christian! . . . So long as you believe your Lord's word about it, so long it will last.

So soon as you ask of other counsellors, and believe their word instead, so soon it will fail. Jesus meets your difficulty explicitly. He has provided against it by giving the very reason why He spoke the gracious words of His last discourse, "That My joy might remain in you." Is not this exactly what we were afraid to hope, what seemed too good to be true, that it "might remain"? And lest we should think that this abiding joy only meant some moderate measure of qualified joy, He adds, "And that your joy may be *full*." . . . When we are told that "it would not even be good for us," remember that it is written again, *The joy of the Lord is your strength*. Perhaps in that word "of" lies the whole secret of lasting joy; for it is more than even joy in the Lord: it is His own joy flowing into the soul that is joined to Himself, which alone can remain in us, not even our joy in Him. *That they might have My joy fulfilled in themselves*. Let us, then, seek not the stream, but the fountain; not primarily the joy, but that real and living union with Jesus by which His joy becomes ours.

MY GLORY WAS FRESH IN ME

WHO does not know the longing for freshness? Fresh air, fresh water, fresh flowers, the freshness of children, and of some people's conversation and writings—all illustrate or lead up to that spiritual freshness which is both pleasure

and power. For it was when Job's glory was fresh in him that his bow was renewed in his hand. Freshness and glory! and yet the brilliant music of such words is brought down to a minor strain by one little touch—it *was*, not it *is*; a melancholy Past instead of a bright Present. Now, instead of saddening ourselves unnecessarily by sighing, "Ah, yes! that is always the way," let us see how we may personally prove that it is not always the way, and that Job's confessedly exceptional experience need not, and ought not, to be ours.

First of all, if our glory is to be fresh in us, it all depends upon what the glory in us is. If it is any sort of our own—anything connected with that which decayeth and waxeth old in us or passeth away around us—of course it cannot be always fresh, any more than the freshness of dawn or of spring-time can last. Neither material nor mental states can retain their exquisite and subtle charm, and spiritual states are no better off; "frames and feelings" have an inherent tendency to subside into flatness, dulness, staleness, or whatever else expresses the want of freshness. There is only one unfailing source of unfailing freshness—Christ Himself. *Thou hast the dew of Thy youth*—the only dew that never dries up through any heat or dust. *Christ in you, the hope of glory*. . . .

Jesus Christ is always fresh. . . . Do we not always

[*C. H. Chandler*

SHARESHILL CHURCH

find Him so, when we are in direct personal communication with Him, with "nothing between"? Are we not conscious that when we lament over want of freshness it really means want of Jesus? We go and bemoan about it to a friend perhaps, and ask what to do; and all the while, down at the bottom, we are secretly aware that they can do nothing more or better than advise us to "go and tell Jesus"—to get into direct personal contact with Him, alone with Him, again! The very same time we spent, in this sort of second-hand cistern-seeking, would be far more resultful if spent in re-opening communion with Him, and drawing from the Fountain itself. That is always open. *All my fresh springs are in Thee*, not in our kind Christian friends.

All that we receive from Jesus is always fresh. How fresh His most familiar words come, when He gives them to us by His Spirit! What is ever fresher than the old, old story, when any part of it is heard with the ear of faith, and our response is, "Jesus died for *me!*" What is ever fresher, whether in outward sacramental act, or in the thousand times repeated heart communion which waits not for time and place, than the remembrance of the exceeding great love of our Master and only Saviour. . . . The water that we draw out of these wells of salvation is always fresh indeed. And so is the manna on which He would have us feed continually. . . .

With such resources, ought we to feel dusty? . . . With such resources, ought we not to refresh those around us? Ought they not to take knowledge of us that we have such a well of water within us, springing up into everlasting life? Ought there not to be a dewy fragrance in our lives, in our words and ways, that may silently witness to the reality of the source of our freshness?

WAKEFUL HOURS

IF we could always say, night after night, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep," receiving in full measure the Lord's quiet gift to His beloved, we should not learn the disguised sweetness of this special word for the wakeful ones. When the wearisome nights come, it is hushing to know that they are appointed. But this is something nearer and closer-bringing, something individual and personal; not only an appointment, but an act of our Father: *Thou holdest mine eyes waking*. It is *not* that He is merely not giving us sleep; it is not a denial, but a different dealing. Every moment that the tired eyes are sleepless, it is because our Father is holding them waking. It seems so natural to say, "How I wish I could go to sleep!" Yet even that restless wish may be soothed by the happy confidence in our Father's hand, which will not relax its hold upon the weary eyelids until

the right moment has come to let them fall in slumber. . . . And if He holds our eyes waking, we may rest assured that, so long as He does so, it is not sleep but wakefulness that is our true need.

Now, if we first simply submit ourselves to the appointed wakefulness, instead of getting fidgeted because we cannot go to sleep, the resting in His will, even in this little thing, will bring a certain blessing. And the perfect learning of this little page in the great lesson-book of our Father's will, will make others easier and clearer.

Then let us remember that He does nothing without a purpose, and that no dealing is meant to be resultless. So it is well to pray that we may make the most of the wakeful hours, that they may be no more wasted ones than if we were up and dressed. They are His hours, for *the night also is Thine*. It will cost no more mental effort (not so much) to ask Him to let them be holy hours, filled with His calming presence, than to let the mind run upon the thousand other things which seem to find even busier entrance during the night.

> With thoughts of Christ and things divine
> Fill up this foolish heart of mine.

It is an opportunity for proving the real power of the Holy Spirit. . . . He will teach us to commune with our own heart upon our bed, or

perhaps simply to be still, which is, after all, the hardest and yet the sweetest lesson. He will bring to our remembrance many a word that Jesus has said, and even the night shall be light about us in the serene radiance of such rememberings. He will so apply the word of God that the promise shall be fulfilled: "When thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." He will tune the silent hours, and give songs in the night, which shall blend in the Father's ear with the unheard melodies of angels.

Can we say, "With my soul have I desired Thee in the night"? . . . Then He will fulfil that desire; the very wakefulness should be recognized as His direct dealing, and we may say, "Thou hast visited me in the night." . . . He watches while you sleep, and when you are awake you are still with Him who died for you, that whether you wake or sleep, both literally and figuratively, you should live together with Him.

WHEN HE PUTTETH FORTH HIS OWN SHEEP, HE GOETH BEFORE THEM

SOMETIMES it is a literal putting forth. We have been in a sheltered nook of the fold, and we are sent to live where it is windier and wilder. The home-nest is stirred up, and we have to go . . . into less congenial surroundings, to live with fresh people, or in a different position, or in a new neighbourhood. We do not put ourselves forth, we would rather stay; but it ha

to be. But Jesus goeth before. He prepares the earthly as well as the heavenly places for us. He will be there when we get to the new place. He went in the way before to search us out a place to pitch our tents in. . . . If we wilfully persisted in staying where we were when He said, "Arise and depart, for this is not your rest," we should find His Presence was gone. . . .

Sometimes it is putting forth into service. We had such a . . . quiet shady corner in the vineyard, down among the tender grapes, with such easy little weedings and waterings to attend to. And then the Master comes and draws us out into the thick of the work, and puts us into a part of the field where we never should have thought of going, and puts larger tools into our hands, that we may do more at a stroke. And we know we are not sufficient for these things, and the very tools seem too heavy for us, and the glare too dazzling, and the vines too tall. Ah! but would we really go back? He would not be in the old shady corner with us now; for when He put us forth He went before us, and it is only by close following that we can abide with Him. . . . Not our power, but His presence will carry us through.

Sometimes it is putting forth into the rough places of suffering, whether from temptation, pain, or any adversity. Not one step here but Jesus has gone before us; and He still goeth before us, often so very close before us, that even

by the still waters we never seemed so near Him. "He Himself hath suffered, being tempted." . . . "The things which He suffered" include and cover, and stretch wide on every side beyond, all possible sufferings of this present time. It is in patient suffering, rather than in doing, that we are specially called to follow His steps. . . .

Sooner or later, perhaps again and again, He puts forth His own sheep into a position of greater separation—forth from an outer into an inner circle, always nearer and nearer to the great Centre. Let us watch very sensitively for such leading. Every hesitation to yield to His gentle separation from the world results in heart separation from Him. When He thus goeth before, shall we risk being left behind?

He will put forth His own sheep at last into the path which none of them shall ever tread alone, because He trod it alone. *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me.*" . . . Jesus knows every single step of that valley; and when His people enter it, they will surely find that their King shall pass before them.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF GROWING OLDER

I SUPPOSE nobody ever did naturally like the idea of getting older after they had at least left school. There is a sense of oppression

and depression about it. The irresistible, inevitable onward march of moments and years without the possibility of one instant's pause—a march that, even while on the uphill side of life, is leading to the downhill side—casts an autumn-like shadow over even many a spring birthday; for perhaps this is never more vividly felt than when one is only passing from May to June—sometimes earlier still. But how surely the Bible gives us the bright side of everything! In this case it gives three bright sides of a fact, which, without it, could not help being gloomy.

First, it opens the sure prospect of increasing brightness to those who have begun to walk in the light. Even if the sun of our life has reached the apparent zenith, and we have known a very noonday of mental and spiritual being, it is no poetic "western shadows" that are to lengthen upon our way, but "our age is to be clearer than the noonday." . . . The light, though intenser and nearer, shall dazzle less. . . . We should have said, "At evening-time there shall be shadow"; God says, "At evening-time there shall be light."

Also we are not to look for a very dismal afternoon of life with only some final sunset glow; for He says it "shineth more and more unto the perfect day"; and "more and more" leaves no dark intervals; we are to expect a continually brightening path. . . . When you are seven, or

ten, or twenty years older, that will only mean seven, or ten, or twenty years' more experience of His love and faithfulness, more light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. . . .

The second bright side is increasing fruitfulness. Do not let us confuse between works and fruit. Many a saint in the land of Beulah is not able to do anything at all, and yet is bringing forth fruit unto God beyond the busiest workers. So that even when we come to the days when "the strong men shall bow themselves," there may be more pleasant fruits for our Master, riper and fuller and sweeter than ever before. For "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age." . . . Some of the fruits of the Spirit seem to be especially and peculiarly characteristic of sanctified older years.

The third bright side is brightest of all: *Even to your old age, I am He* . . . with us all the days, bearing and carrying us all the days; reiterating His promise—"even to hoar hairs will I carry you" . . . just as He carried the lambs in His bosom. For we shall always be His little children, and doubtless He will always be our Father. The rush of years cannot touch this.

* * * *

Every day is full of miracles when the Holy Spirit really opens our eyes to see God working

them, and I often think it is the very little things which most magnify His loving kindness. We talk about the telescope of faith, but I think we want even more the microscope of watchful and grateful love. Apply this to the little bits of our daily lives, in the light of the Spirit. . . . We see these little things in their true greatness, and in the beauty of their fitness as parts of His own perfect plan . . . which He is working out for us hour by hour. . . . Take this day, the morning hours past, the evening ones to come ; and apply this microscope, and see if you don't find you are walking in the midst of miracles of love, and that all things are for your sakes.

THIS GOD IS OUR GOD

EVERY part of God's word is a revelation, more or less clear, of Himself. When we do not see this, it is only that we miss it, not that it is not there. Do we not know how very possible it is to read the historical parts merely as history, and the prophetical merely as prophecy, and the doctrinal merely as doctrine, and miss the vision of God which everywhere shines through the glass darkly, if only His good Spirit opens our eyes to see it ? And even when we do trace out God Himself in His recorded works and ways, how often we miss the personal comfort of remembering our own close and personal interest in what we see of His character and attributes. It makes all

the difference to recollect, at every glimpse of these, that *this God is our God!*

I question if there is a single chapter, from the first of Genesis to the twenty-second of Revelation, which will not reflect the light of this beautiful little lamp. . . . Whether your gaze is turned upon a promise which reveals Him as the Loving One, or a warning which reveals Him as the Just and Holy One; whether you read a history which shows His grand grasp in ordering the centuries or a verse which shows His delicate touch upon the turn of a moment—as you admire, say, "*This* God is our God." When you read "Great things doeth He which we cannot comprehend," and the splendid variety of His book gives a glimpse of His power and glory in upholding the things which are seen, from the hosts of million-aged stars to the fleeting flakes of the treasures of the snow, say, "*This* God is our God."

When you come to the many direct and gracious declarations of what God is, you will find these words light them up splendidly. "The Lord, the Lord God, gracious and merciful, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." *This* God is our God! "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble." *This* God is our God! "Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders." *This* God is our God! "God is love." *This* God is our God!

When you come to those parts of the Bible

which are too often undervalued and left out of the daily reading, still, though it may be through a less transparent veil, God will reveal Himself. For instance, when you come to the genealogies in Chronicles, consider how His individual care is illustrated by the otherwise unknown names, noted in His book because of their connection with Christ; no matter how remote that connection, through the distant generations and collateral branches, might seem to human ways of thinking. And then remember that this God, who thus inscribed their individual names for Christ's sake, is our God who has inscribed our individual names in the book of life for Christ's sake, because we are chosen in Him. And when we read the life of His dear Son, and see what that beloved Son . . . must have been to the Father who yet spared Him not . . . and let Him suffer unto death for us men and for our salvation, then, above all, let us turn to God the Father and say, "This God, who *so* loved the world, is *our* God!"

"O God, Thou art *my* God." Some of us may have an unexpressed notion that, after all, this does not come so near to us as the thought of "Jesus, my Saviour." We almost feel dazzled at the vastness of the idea of "God." And we take refuge, mentally, in what seems more within reach. This is almost always the case in the earlier stages of our Christian life. Having been

drawn by the Father to the Lord Jesus Christ, we almost lose sight of the Father in the Son, instead of beholding the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ as He intends us to do. Practically, some of us know consciously only one Person in the Blessed Trinity, and do not honour the Father as we honour the Son. If so, let us ask the Holy Spirit to lead us on into all truth, and to mature our spiritual powers and widen our spiritual vision that we may know more of what God means when He reveals Himself, not only by some name which human relationships enable us to grasp, but as our *God*.

We shall not love Jesus less, but more, as we learn to love God, who was in Christ reconciling us to Himself. We shall not be less tenderly grateful for His coming to die for us, but more, as we rise to adore the mystery of love which alone illumines the inconceivable eternity of the past when the Word was with God and the Word was God.

We shall find, too, that while there is more than scope enough in the thought and revelation of God *as* God for the strongest hour, the very zenith of our intellect, there is rest in it for the weariest hour of the weakest frame. For when my heart and my flesh faileth, God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever. And *this God is our God for ever and ever. He will be our guide even unto death.*

PART III

SELECTIONS IN VERSE

SELECTIONS IN VERSE

THE poems which Frances Ridley Havergal published during her lifetime gained great popularity in Evangelical circles. They are musical, fluent, and sincere, sensitive to the wonder and loveliness of nature, and penetrated with religious faith. Alike in feeling and in expression they reveal a true poetic instinct. To recognize this, however, is not to deny that they often suffer from lack of concentration, and from a tendency to repetition of phrase. Indeed, judged by a purely literary standard, it must be confessed that most of her verses lack the nightingale note, the haunting magic of high, authentic poetry. Nevertheless, so accomplished a judge as Charles Tennyson Turner—still remembered for sonnets which his brother Lord Tennyson, the Laureate, pronounced to be among the best in English—could write in 1870: "Miss Havergal, Sappho, and Mrs. Browning constitute my present female trio. There may be others . . . but I know at present of none equal to these." Such a verdict would hardly be endorsed to-day, when

it may be safely said that very few people read Miss Havergal's longer and more elaborate efforts —like *Zenith*, written in 1877, or her Cantata entitled *The Mountain Maidens*, composed during a Swiss visit in 1873. Like many authors of even greater fame, she was by no means the wisest critic of her own productions. For example, she considered *The Thoughts of God*, which most of us would now pronounce a somewhat laboured and cumbrous effort, to be " the very best poem I ever wrote." Characteristically, she added, " but I have not heard one word about its doing anybody any real good. It's generally something that I don't think worth copying out or getting printed (like *I did this for thee*, and *Take My Life*) that God sees fit to use."

In truth, the merit of her best verses is devotional rather than poetic. Not many of them are alive and remembered, except her hymns. But those hymns rise to very real excellence, and will permanently preserve her name.

Church historians, as a rule, have been so preoccupied with ecclesiastical and theological conflicts that they have forgotten to note the incalculable influence of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. But the Gospel lets us hear the Son of Man Himself singing with His disciples

the night before He suffered, and the echoes of that eucharistic hymn have never died out. The New Testament so often refers to psalmody that it must have been a well-known feature of primitive Christian fellowship. In the earliest notice of Christians by any pagan writer, Pliny records that they used to meet early on a certain day of the week and sing a hymn together in honour of Christ their God. Sacred song grew with the Church's growth. It is linked with names like Ephrem at Edessa, Chrysostom at Constantinople, and Ambrose at Milan. Tradition ascribed the *Te Deum* to Ambrose conjointly with Augustine. Latin hymnody can point to a long succession of poets chanting in their cloisters, with Adam of St. Victor for laureate. Indeed, one Italian mystic affirmed that " the true monk takes nothing with him but his lyre."

Surely it is a most significant fact that each great rekindling of Christian faith has gone hand in hand with a renewal of Christian song—that new song whose theme in each generation is the love and the all-sufficiency of Jesus. The Lollards—as some say—were thus called because of their hymns, for their name meant " singers." Reformers like Francis of Assisi, and Luther, and Zinzendorf, and John and Charles Wesley were all hymn-writers. In England the Methodist

revival was marked by a great outburst of community singing. Watts and Cowper and Toplady and Newton found words for the fervour of the early Evangelicals. *The Christian Year* and *Hymns Ancient and Modern* proved powerful instruments in spreading the Oxford movement. More recently, *Sacred Songs and Solos*, in its successive enlargements, had immense popular influence wherever English is spoken; while *Hymns of Consecration and Faith* did much to forward movements for deepening spiritual life. The walls of the New Jerusalem are always being "built to music . . . and therefore built for ever."

A gifted American woman, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, once confessed that she would rather be the author of one good hymn than of anything else in the world, except sunshine. F. R. H. became the author of many good hymns, including some of a very high order. These latter have gained a place in every English collection, and they endure as her lasting memorial. To-day, they are being sung in churches which she would have refused to enter, among communions whose names she never heard. Canon Julian, in his standard *Dictionary of Hymnology*, has enumerated more than sixty of her hymns as being in "common use." He goes on to say: "She does not occupy, and did not claim, a prominent place as a poet;

but by her distinct individuality she carved out a niche which she alone could fill." Her whole life, with all its powers, was consecrated to one sole object; and so her verses are filled with the fragrance of passionate, adoring love for Christ.

* * * *

The selections which follow have been arranged in chronological order. This may serve to illustrate, though imperfectly, the writer's growth in Christian experience.

"I DID THIS FOR THEE! WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?"

(*Motto placed under a picture of Our Saviour in the study of a German Divine.*)

I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee;
What hast thou given for Me?

I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for Me?

My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for Me?

I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue may tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee;
What canst thou bear for Me?

And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?

Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
I gave Myself for thee:
Give thou thyself to Me!

Written during a visit to Germany in January, 1858. *F. R. H. had come in weary, and sat down opposite a picture of Christ, which bore this motto. At once the lines flashed upon her, and she wrote them down in pencil on a scrap of paper. Reading them over, they did not satisfy her: so she tossed them into the fire, but they fell out untouched. Some months afterwards she showed them to her father, who encouraged her to preserve them, and wrote a special tune to fit them. They were first printed in "Good Words,"* 1860.

DAILY STRENGTH

"As thy day thy strength shall be!"
This should be enough for thee;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem they wearisome and long,
Yet in Him thou shalt be strong.

Cold and wintry though they prove,
Thine the sunshine of His love,
Or, with fervid heat oppressed,
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

When thy days on earth are past,
Christ shall call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

Written at Worcester, January 1, 1859.

MY MESSENGERS

I said to the merry birds of the woods,
" Carry a song to the Fair One ! "
They twittered and trilled, for they quite understood,
And flew away blithely to bear one.
Then listen, if, tapping thy window-sill,
They come with their chirping and singing,
O listen ! for over forest and hill,
My message of love they are bringing.

I said to the lilies, " Carry for me,
Carry a smile to the Sweetest ! "
They nodded and said, " Our sister is she,
That loveliest lily thou greetest.
O gather and send us," they whispered to me,
" And bid us bloom fragrantly near her,
To waken her smile, rejoicing to be
Thy message of comfort to cheer her."

I said to the golden stars of night,
" O carry my love to the Dearest !
In darkness surrounding with silver light
The Brightest, the ever Nearest ! "
And watchest thou now, my own, my love,
In weary and lonely sadness ?
Look up to the stars in the heaven above,
They bear thee my message of gladness.

Written in 1859.

ISAIAH XXXIII. 17

THINE eyes shall see! Yes, thine, who, blind erewhile,
Now trembling towards the new-found light dost flee,
Leave doubting, and look up with trustful smile—
Thine eyes shall see!

Thine *eyes* shall see! Not in some dream Elysian,
Not in thy fancy, glowing though it be,
Not e'en in faith, but in unveilèd vision,
Thine *eyes* shall see!

Thine eyes *shall* see! Not on thyself depend
God's promises, the faithful, firm, and free;
Ere they shall fail, earth, heaven itself, must end:
Thine eyes *shall* see!

Thine eyes shall *see*! Not in a swift glance cast,
Gleaning one ray to brighten memory,
But while a glad eternity shall last,
Thine eyes shall *see*!

Thine eyes shall see *the* King! the very same
Whose love shone forth upon the curseful tree,
Who bore thy guilt, who calleth thee by name;
Thine eyes shall see!

Thine eyes shall see the *King*! the mighty One,
The many-crowned, the Light-enrobed; and He
Shall bid thee share the kingdom He hath won,
Thine eyes shall see!

And *in His beauty*! Stay thee, mortal song,
The "altogether lovely" One must be
Unspeakable in glory—yet ere long
Thine eyes shall see!

Yes! though the land be "very far" away,
A step, a moment, ends the toil for thee;
Then, changing grief for gladness, night for day,
Thine eyes shall see!

Written at Worcester in February, 1860.

"MASTER, SAY ON!"

MASTER, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master! let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

Master, speak in love and power:
Crown the mercies of the day,
In this quiet evening hour
Of the moonrise o'er the bay,
With the music of Thy voice;
Speak! and bid Thy child rejoice.

Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwilled echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine:
Let Thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

Master, speak! I do not doubt Thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed!
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love, and clearer sight.

Resting on the faithful saying,
  Trusting what Thy gospel saith,
On Thy written promise staying
  All my hope in life and death,
Yet I long for something more
From Thy love's exhaustless store.

Speak to me by name, O Master,
  Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
  With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

Master, speak! I kneel before Thee,
  Listening, longing, waiting still;
Oh, how long shall I implore Thee
  This petition to fulfil!
Hast Thou not one word for me?
Must my prayer unanswered be?

Master, speak! Though least and lowest,
  Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for oh, Thou knowest
  All the yearning of my heart,
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak! and make me blest indeed.

Master, speak! and make me ready,
  When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady
  Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak, oh, speak to me!

Written at Weston-super-Mare, May, 1867.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

Now the light has gone away,
Saviour, listen while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
Oh, bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above!

Now my evening praise I give:
Thou didst die that I might live;
All my blessings come from Thee;
Oh, how good Thou art to me!

Thou, my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before!

Written in October, 1869.

TO THEE

Lord, to whom shall we go?

I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy once opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!

Written in June, 1870, and first printed in the "Sunday Magazine" for that year.

ASCENSION SONG

He ascended up on high.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;

His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you ;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

Written in December, 1871, under the following circumstances : During a visit at Perry Bar, F. R. H. walked to the boys' school-room, and being very tired she leaned against the playground wall while the Rev. C. E. Snepp (editor of "Songs of Grace and Glory") went in. Returning in ten minutes, he found her scribbling on an old envelope. At his request, she gave him this hymn which she had just pencilled down.

NEW YEAR HYMN

JESUS, blessèd Saviour,
Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving,
Songs of holy praise.
O how kind and gracious
Thou hast always been!
O how many blessings
Every day has seen!
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Now our praises hear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.

Jesus, Holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell!
All our sins (so many!),
Saviour, Thou dost know;
In Thy blood most precious,
Wash us white as snow.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear,
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us
As we onward go.

So we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward
To the Better Land.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us ever near,
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone.
Let each day, each moment,
Of this glad New-year,
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.
Then, O blessèd Saviour,
Never need we fear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New-year!

Written in 1872.

A WORKER'S PRAYER

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Written at Winterdyne, Bewdley, in April, 1872.

TELL IT OUT

"Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King" (*Ps. xcvi.* 10, *Prayer-Book Version*).

TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration, that He shall increase;
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace.
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore!
Tell it out, etc.

Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.
Tell it out, etc.

Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His name is Love!
Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways, and the lanes at home ;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam :
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea !
Tell it out, etc.

Written at Winterdyne, Bewdley, one snowy Sunday morning in April, 1872, when she was unable to go to church. After her brother-in-law returned from service, she told him : " I had my Prayer Book, and in the Psalms for to-day I read, ' Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.' I thought, ' What a splendid first line ! ' and then words and music came rushing in to me. There, it's all written out." With copperplate neatness she had rapidly written out the words, music, and harmonies complete.

RIGHT!

LIGHT after darkness,
  Gain after loss,
Strength after suffering,
  Crown after cross.
Sweet after bitter,
  Song after sigh,
Home after wandering,
  Praise after cry.

Sheaves after sowing,
  Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
  Peace after pain.
Joy after sorrow,
  Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
  Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,
  Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
  Life after tomb.
After long agony,
  Rapture of bliss!
Right was the pathway
  Leading to this!

The closing stanzas of a longer poem, written at Leamington in June, 1872.

A SEEING HEART [1]

To "Fanny Crosby."

SWEET, blind singer over the sea,
Tuneful and jubilant! how can it be,
That the songs of gladness, which float so far,
As if they fell from the evening star,
Are the notes of one who never may see
"Visible music" of flower and tree,
Purple of mountain, or glitter of snow,
Ruby and gold of the sunset glow,
And never the light of a loving face?
Must not the world be a desolate place
For eyes that are sealed with the seal of years,
Eyes that are open only for tears?
How can she sing in the dark like this,
What is her fountain of light and bliss?

Oh, her heart can see, her heart can see!
And its sight is strong, and swift and free.
Never the ken of mortal eye
Could pierce so deep and far and high
As the eagle vision of hearts that dwell
In the lofty, sunlit citadel
Of Faith that overcomes the world,
With banners of Hope and Joy unfurled,
Garrisoned with God's perfect Peace,
Ringing with pæans that never cease,
Flooded with splendour bright and broad,
The glorious light of the Love of God.

[1] In answer to an inquiry, "Who is Fanny Crosby?" the following reply was received: "She is a blind lady, whose heart can see splendidly in the sunshine of God's love?" Hence the title of this poem of greeting, written by F. R. H. at Winterdyne, May 10, 1872.

Her heart can see, her heart can see!
Well may she sing so joyously!
For the King Himself, in His tender grace,
Hath shown her the brightness of His face:
And who shall pine for a glow-worm light,
When the Sun goes forth in His radiant might?
She can read His law, as a shining chart,
For His finger hath written it on her heart;
She can read His love, for on all her way
His hand is writing it every day.
"Bright cloud" indeed must that darkness be,
Where "Jesus only" the heart can see.

Her heart can see! her heart can see,
Beyond the glooms and the mystery,
Glimpses of glory not far away,
Nearing and brightening day by day;
Golden crystal and emerald bow,
Lustre of pearl and sapphire glow,
Sparkling river and healing tree,
Evergreen palms of victory,
Harp and crown and raiment white,
Holy and beautiful dwellers in light;
A throne, and One thereon whose face
Is the glory of that glorious place.

Dear blind sister over the sea!
An English heart goes forth to thee.
We are linked by a cable of faith and song,
Flashing bright sympathy swift along;
One in the East and one in the West,
Singing for Him whom our souls love best,
"Singing for Jesus," telling His love
All the way to our home above,

Where the severing sea, with its restless tide,
Never shall hinder, and never divide.
Sister! what will our meeting be,
When our hearts shall sing and our eyes shall see!

Frances Jane Crosby was born in New York State, in 1823. *She lost her eyesight when an infant, and was educated at the New York City Institution for the Blind. In* 1858 *she married Alexander Van Alstyne, a musician who was also blind. Her numerous hymns and songs obtained very wide popularity in the United States, and not a few of them became known and warmly appreciated in this country. Mr. Sankey's "Sacred Songs and Solos" included several of her hymns, such as "Rescue the Perishing," and—chief of all—"Safe in the arms of Jesus."*

NEW YEAR'S HYMN

(*Isa. xli.* 10.)

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear.
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own Right Hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;

For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

Written January 3, 1873.

I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE

I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea!

I could not do without Thee!
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee!
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear!
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.

How dreary and how lonely
  This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
  The secret rest with Thee!

I could not do without Thee!
  No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
  Interpreting its need.
No human heart could enter
  Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
  O blessed Lord, but Thine!

I could not do without Thee!
  For years are fleeting fast,
And soon, in solemn loneliness,
  The river must be passed.
But Thou wilt never leave me,
  And, though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
  And whisper, "It is I."

Written in May, 1873

ADVENT SONG

"Behold He cometh."

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! In the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say!
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

Thou art coming! Rays of glory,
Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Touch the mountain and the river
With a golden glowing quiver,
Thrill of light and music blent.
Earth is brightened when this gleam
Falls on flower and rock and stream;
Life is brightened when this ray
Falls upon its darkest day.

Not a cloud and not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,
For that sunrise grand and clear!
Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,
Nothing else seems worth a thought!
O how marvellous will be
All the bliss Thy pain hath bought!

Thou art coming! At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming! We are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure:
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure!

Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord!

Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

Written at Winterdyne, November, 1873.

Neither F. R. H. nor her father held the so-called "pre-millennial" doctrines then popular among many of their Evangelical friends. But she believed confidently that Scripture points to one final coming again of Christ in glory on the last day of the world.

ANOTHER YEAR

ANOTHER year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

Written in 1874.

CONSECRATION HYMN

Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

Written February 4, 1874.

" *Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn* ' *Take my life.*' *I went for a little visit of five days* [*to Areley House*]. *There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer,* ' *Lord, give me* all *in this house!* ' *And He just* did. *Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another, till they finished with,* ' *Ever,* only, ALL *for Thee!* ' "

ENOUGH

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without Thee!
But oh! the tenderness of Thine enfolding,
And oh! the faithfulness of Thine upholding,
And oh! the strength of Thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me!

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know
All fullness dwells in Thee;
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills, in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need; and so
Thy grace is enough for me!

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone:
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining:
Thy promise-roll is all my own—
Thy word is enough for me!

The human heart asks love; but now I know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real, and full, and marvellous affection,
So near, so human; yet divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me!

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and
broad,
Unfathomed as the sea;
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling!
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me!

Written at Ormont Dessous, Switzerland, September, 1874.

TRUE-HEARTED, WHOLE-HEARTED

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee!

True-hearted, whole-hearted! Fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous! yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

Whole-hearted! Saviour, belovèd and glorious,
Take Thy great power, and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.

Half-hearted, *false*-hearted! Heed we the warning!
Only the whole can be perfectly true;
Bring the whole offering, all timid thought scorning,
True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.

Half-hearted! Saviour, shall aught be withholden,
Giving Thee part who hast given us all?
Blessings outpouring, and promises golden
Pledging, with never reserve or recall.

Half-hearted! Master, shall any who know Thee
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid down Thine own?
Nay; we would offer the hearts that we owe Thee,
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.

Sisters, dear sisters, the call is resounding,
Will ye not echo the silver refrain,
Mighty and sweet, and in gladness abounding—
"True-hearted, whole-hearted!" ringing again?

Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
Brightly His standard is waving above.
Brothers, dear brothers, in gathering chorus,
Peal out the watchword of courage and love!

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free!
"True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!"

Written at Ormont Dessous, Switzerland, September, 1874.

TRUSTING JESUS

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead!
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail!
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Written at Ormont Dessous, Switzerland, September, 1874.

This hymn was the author's own favourite, and was found in her pocket Bible after her death.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.

Precious blood that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesu's precious blood can make them
White as snow.

Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth
From all sin.

Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for thee!

Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood, our song of glory,
Praise and laud!

Written at Ormont Dessous, Switzerland, September, 1874.

SHINING

ARE you *shining* for Jesus, dear one?
You have given your heart to Him;
But is the light strong within it,
Or is it but pale and dim?
Can *everybody* see it—
That Jesus is all to you?
That your love to Him is burning
With radiance warm and true?
Is the seal upon your forehead,
So that it *must* be known,
That you are "all for Jesus"—
That your heart is all His own?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
You remember the first sweet ray,
When the sun arose upon you
And brought the gladsome day;
When you heard the gospel message,
And Jesus Himself drew near,
And helped you to trust Him simply,
And took away your fear;
When the darkness and the shadows
Fled like a weary night,
And you felt that you could praise Him,
And everything seemed bright.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,
So that the holy light
May enter the hearts of others,
And make them glad and bright?

Have you spoken a word for Jesus,
And told to some around,
Who do not care about Him,
What a Saviour *you* have found?
Have you lifted the lamp for others,
That has guided your own glad feet?
Have you echoed the loving message,
That seemed to you so sweet?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one—
Shining for Him all day,
Letting the light burn always
Along the varied way?
Always—when those beside you
Are walking in the dark?
Always—when no one is helping,
Or heeding your tiny spark?
Not idly letting it flicker
In every passing breeze
Of pleasure or temptation,
Of trouble or of ease?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one—
Shining just everywhere,
Not only in easy places,
Not only just here or there?
Shining in happy gatherings,
Where all are loved and known?
Shining where all are strangers?
Shining when quite alone?
Shining at home, and making
True sunshine all around?
Shining abroad, and faithful—
Perhaps among faithless—found?

Are you shining for *Jesus*, dear one,
Not for yourself at all?
Not because dear ones, watching,
Would grieve if your lamp should fall?
Shining because you are walking
In the Sun's unclouded rays,
And you cannot help reflecting
The light on which you gaze?
Shining because it shineth
So warm and bright above,
That you *must* let out the gladness,
And you *must* show forth the love?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
Or is there a little sigh
That the lamp His love had lighted
Does not burn clear and high?
Is the heavenly crown that waits you,
Still, still without a star,
Because your light was hidden,
And sent no rays afar?
Do you feel you have not loved Him
With a love right brave and loyal,
But have faintly fought and followed
His banner bright and royal?

Oh, come again to Jesus!
Come as you came at first,
And tell Him all that hinders,
And tell Him all the worst;
And take His sweet forgiveness
As you took it once before,
And hear His kind voice saying,
"Peace! go, and sin no more!"

Then ask for grace and courage
  His name to glorify,
That never more His precious light
  Your dimness may deny.

Then rise, and, "watching daily,"
  Ask Him your lamp to trim
With the fresh oil He giveth,
  That it may not burn dim.
Yes, rise and shine for Jesus!
  Be brave, and bright, and true
To the true and loving Saviour,
  Who gave Himself for you.
Oh, shine for Jesus, dear one,
  And henceforth be your way
Bright with the light that shineth
  Unto the perfect day!

Written at Ormont Dessous, Switzerland, September, 1874.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES

What shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the spring-time?
Pleasure and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting our fear;
These shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance
Radiant and sweet,

Joy in His presence,
Christ ever near!
This will ensure thee
A Happy New Year!

Written at Ormont Dessous, Switzerland, September, 1874.

PERFECT PEACE

Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect—yet it floweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect—yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.

Chorus.

Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessèd hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand.
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.

Chorus.

Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.

We may trust Him solely
All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.

CHORUS.

Written at Leamington, November, 1874.

WITHOUT CAREFULNESS

I would have you without carefulness.

MASTER! how shall I bless Thy name
For Thy tender love to me,
For the sweet enablings of Thy grace,
So sovereign, yet so free,
That have taught me to obey Thy word
And cast my care on Thee!

They tell of weary burdens borne
For discipline of life,
Of long anxieties and doubts,
Of struggle and of strife,
Of a path of dim perplexities
With fears and shadows rife.

Oh, I have trod that weary path,
With burdens not a few,
With shadowy faith that Thou would'st lead
And help me safely through,
Trying to follow and obey,
And bear my burdens too.

Master! dear Master, Thou didst speak,
And yet I did not hear,
Or long ago I might have ceased
From every care and fear,
And gone rejoicing on my way
From brightening year to year.

Just now and then some steeper slope
Would seem so hard to climb,
That I *must* cast my load on Thee ;
And I left it for a time,
And wondered at the joy at heart,
Like sweetest Christmas chime.

A step or two on wingèd feet,
And then I turned to share
The burden Thou hadst taken up
Of ever-pressing care ;
So what I would not leave with Thee
Of course I had to bear.

At last Thy precious precepts fell
On opened heart and ear,
A varied and repeated strain
I could not choose but hear,
Enlinking promise and command,
Like harp and clarion clear :

" No anxious thought upon thy brow
The watching world shall see ;
No carefulness ! O child of God,
For *nothing* careful be !
But cast thou *all* thy care on Him
Who always cares for thee."

Did not Thy loving Spirit come
In gentle, gracious shower,
To work Thy pleasure in my soul
In that bright, blessèd hour.
And to the word of strong command
And faith and will and power ?

It was Thy word, it was Thy will—
  That was enough for me!
Henceforth no care shall dim my trust,
  For all is cast on Thee;
Henceforth my inmost heart shall praise
  The grace that set me free.

And now I find Thy promise true,
  Of perfect peace and rest;
I cannot sigh—I can but sing
  While leaning on Thy breast,
And leaving everything to Thee,
  Whose ways are always best.

I never thought it could be thus—
  Month after month to know
The river of Thy peace without
  One ripple in its flow;
Without one quiver in the trust,
  One flicker in its glow.

Oh, Thou hast done far more for me
  Than I had asked or thought!
I stand and marvel to behold
  What Thou, my Lord, hast wrought,
And wonder what glad lessons yet
  I shall be daily taught.

How shall I praise Thee, Saviour dear,
  For this new life so sweet,
For taking all the care I laid
  At Thy belovèd feet,
Keeping Thy hand upon my heart
  To still each anxious beat!

I want to praise, with life renewed,
As I never praised before;
With voice and pen, with song and speech,
To praise Thee more and more,
And the gladness and the gratitude
Rejoicingly outpour.

I long to praise Thee more, and yet
This is no care to me:
If Thou shalt fill my mouth with songs,
Then I will sing to Thee;
And if my silence praise Thee best,
Then silent I will be.

Yet if it be Thy will, dear Lord,
Oh, send me forth, to be
Thy messenger to careful hearts,
To bid them taste and see
How good Thou art to those who cast
All, all their care on Thee!

Written at Whitby, September, 1875, "*just in time for the International Women's Christian Association Conference at New York. I was invited to this, and if I could not come, to write a poem to be read at it. I was going to answer,* '*I can't write a line,*' *when this came to me.*"

INCREASE OUR FAITH

Lord, increase our faith.

INCREASE our faith, belovèd Lord!
For Thou alone canst give
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.

Increase our faith! So weak are we,
That we both may and must
Commit our very faith to Thee,
Entrust to Thee our trust.

Increase our faith! For there is yet
Much land to be possessed;
And by no other strength we get
Our heritage of rest.

Increase our faith! On this broad shield
All fiery darts be caught;
We must be victors in the field
Where Thou for us hast fought.

Increase our faith, that we may claim
Each starry promise sure,
And always triumph in Thy name,
And to the end endure.

Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray,
That we may not depart
From Thy commands, but all obey
With free and loyal heart.

Increase our faith—increase it still—
From heavenward hour to hour,
And in us gloriously fulfil
The work of faith with power.

Increase our faith, that never dim
Or trembling it may be,
Crowned with the perfect peace of him
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

Increase our faith, for Thou hast prayed
That it should never fail;
Our stedfast anchorage is made
With Thee, within the veil.

Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound;
That it may grow exceedingly,
And to Thy praise be found.

Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face!

Written at Whitby, October, 1875.

REALITY

" Father, we know the REALITY of Jesus Christ."
(Words used by a workman at Whitby in prayer.)

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!
From the spectral mists and driving clouds,
From the shifting shadows and phantom crowds;
From unreal words and unreal lives,
Where truth with falsehood feebly strives;
From the passings away, the chance and change,
Flickerings, vanishings, swift and strange,
I turn to my glorious rest on Thee,
Who art the grand Reality.

Reality in greatest need,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art indeed!
Is the pilot real, who alone can guide
The drifting ship through the midnight tide?
Is the lifeboat real, as it nears the wreck,
And the saved ones leap from the parting deck?
Is the haven real, where the barque may flee
From the autumn gales of the wild North Sea?
Reality indeed art Thou,
My Pilot, Lifeboat, Haven now!

Reality, reality,
In brightest days art Thou to me!
Thou art the sunshine of my mirth,
Thou art the heaven above my earth,
The spring of the love of all my heart,
And the Fountain of my song Thou art;

For dearer than the dearest now,
And better than the best, art Thou,
Belovèd Lord, in whom I see
Joy-giving, glad Reality.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus, Thou hast been to me.
When I thought the dream of life was past,
And "the Master's home-call" come at last;
When I thought I only had to wait
A little while at the Golden Gate—
Only another day or two,
Till Thou Thyself shouldst bear me through,
How real Thy presence was to me!
How precious Thy Reality!

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!
Thy name is sweeter than songs of old,
Thy words are better than "most fine gold,"
Thy deeds are greater than hero-glory,
Thy life is grander than poet-story;
But Thou, Thyself, for aye the same,
Art more than words and life and name!
Thyself Thou hast revealed to me,
In glorious Reality.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, is crowned in Thee.
In Thee is every type fulfilled,
In Thee is every yearning stilled
For perfect beauty, truth, and love;
For Thou art always far above

The grandest glimpse of our Ideal,
Yet more and more we know Thee real.
And marvel more and more to see
Thine infinite Reality.

Reality, reality
Of grace and glory dwells in Thee.
How real Thy mercy and Thy might!
How real Thy love, how real Thy light!
How real Thy truth and faithfulness!
How real Thy blessing when Thou dost bless!
How real Thy coming to dwell within!
How real the triumphs Thou dost win!
Does not the loving and glowing heart
Leap up to own how real Thou art?

Reality, reality!
Such let our adoration be!
Father, we bless Thee with heart and voice,
For the wondrous grace of Thy sovereign choice,
That patiently, gently, sought us out
In the far-off land of death and doubt,
That drew us to Christ by the Spirit's might,
That opened our eyes to see the light
That arose in strange reality,
From the darkness falling on Calvary.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!
My glorious King, my Lord, my God,
Life is too short for half the laud,
For half the debt of praise I owe
For this blest knowledge, that "I know

The reality of Jesus Christ"—
Unmeasured blessing, gift unpriced!
Will I not praise Thee when I see
In the long noon of Eternity,
Unveiled, Thy bright Reality!

Written at Whitby, October 14, 1875.

In a note to this poem F. R. H. records how, on the same day on which the words already quoted under the title were uttered, another prayer meeting was held at which "a young Christian prayed earnestly, 'Lord Jesus, let thy dear servant write for us what Thou art—Thou living, bright Reality!' And, urging his plea with increasing vehemence, he added, 'and let her do it this very night.' *That very night these verses were flashed into my mind; while he was yet speaking, they were written and dated."*

FILLING

Filled with all the fullness of God.

Holy Father, Thou hast spoken
  Words beyond our grasp of thought—
Words of grace and power unbroken,
  With mysterious glory fraught.

Promise and command combining,
  Doubt to chase and faith to lift;
Self renouncing, all resigning,
  We would claim this mighty gift.

Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly,
  Mind and soul and heart and will;
Empty us and cleanse us throughly,
  Then with all Thy fullness fill.

Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing
  What this wondrous gift may be;
But fulfil to overflowing—
  Thy great meaning let us see.

Make us in Thy royal palace
  Vessels worthy for the King;
From Thy fullness fill our chalice,
  From Thy never-failing spring.

Father, by this blessèd filling,
  Dwell Thyself in us, we pray;
We are waiting, Thou art willing,
  Fill us with Thyself to-day!

Written in May, 1876.

THE TURNED LESSON

"I THOUGHT I knew it!" she said,
"I thought I had learned it quite!"
But the gentle Teacher shook her head,
With a grave yet loving light
In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
As she gave the book
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
And a heavy tear fell down,
As she turned away with bending head,
Yet not for reproof or frown,
Not for the lesson to learn again
Or the play-hour lost—
It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
But the Teacher understood,
As God understands the chirp of the birds
In the depth of an autumn wood.
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
Was quite enough;
No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
"Now I will try you again!"
And the lesson was mastered—every word!
Was it not worth the pain?
Was it not kinder the task to turn,
That to let it pass,
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
That we only learn in part,
And the Master's testing-time may show
That it was not quite "by heart"?
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,
That lesson again
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only, stay by His side
Till the page is really known,
It may be we failed because we tried
To learn it all alone.
And now that He would not let us lose
One lesson of love
(For He knows the loss)—can we refuse?

But oh! how could we dream
That we knew it all so well?
Reading so fluently, as we deem,
What we could not even spell!
And oh! how could we grieve once more
That patient One
Who has turned so many a task before?

That waiting One, who now
Is letting us try again;
Watching us with the patient brow
That bore the wreath of pain;
Thoroughly teaching what He would teach,
Line upon line,
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

Then let our hearts be still,
Though our task is turned to-day.
Oh let Him teach us what He will,

In His own gracious way,
Till, sitting only at Jesu's feet,
As we learn each line,
The hardest is found all clear and sweet!

Written at Leamington in 1876.

THY HAND

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand,
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need:

That Thou my Good Physician,
Art watching still;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
What Thou dost choose
The soul that really loves Thee
Will not refuse:

It is not for the first time
I trust to-day;
For Thee my heart has never
A trustless "Nay!"

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
  But what beside?
'Tis no unmingled portion
  Thou dost provide.

In every hour of faintness,
  My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy
  And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
  As Thine own gift,
And true though tremulous praises
  I now uplift.

I am too weak to sing them,
  But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow—
  Thou art so near!

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
  That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
  For evermore.

And now beneath its shadow,
  Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
  Thou lovest me!

Written in severe pain on Sunday afternoon, October 8, 1876, *at the Pension Wengern, above Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland.*

"BY THY CROSS AND PASSION"

"*He hath given me rest, by His sorrow; and life, by His death.*"
JOHN BUNYAN.

WHAT hast Thou done for me, O mighty Friend,
Who lovest to the end!
Reveal Thyself, that I may now behold
Thy love unknown, untold,
Bearing the curse, and made a curse for me,
That blessed and made a blessing I might be.

Oh, Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I might wear
A crown of glory fair;
"Exceeding sorrowful," that I might be
Exceeding glad in Thee;
"Rejected and despised," that I might stand
Accepted and complete on Thy right hand.

Wounded for my transgression, stricken sore,
That I might "sin no more";
Weak, that I might be always strong in Thee;
Bound, that I might be free;
Acquaint with grief, that I might only know
Fullness of joy in everlasting flow.

Thine was the chastisement, with no release,
That mine might be the peace;
The bruising and the cruel stripes were Thine,
That healing might be mine;
Thine was the sentence and the condemnation,
Mine the acquittal and the full salvation.

For Thee revilings, and a mocking throng,
For me the angel-song;
For Thee the frown, the hiding of God's face,
For me His smile of grace;
Sorrows of hell and bitterest death for Thee,
And heaven and everlasting life for me.

Thy cross and passion, and Thy precious death,
While I have mortal breath,
Shall be my spring of love and work and praise,
The life of all my days;
Till all this mystery of love supreme
Be solved in glory—glory's endless theme.

Written at Leamington, January, 1877.

ONLY

Only a mortal's powers,
  Weak at their fullest strength;
Only a few swift-flashing hours,
  Short at their fullest length.

Only a page for the eye,
  Only a word for the ear,
Only a smile, and by and by
  Only a quiet tear.

Only one heart to give,
  Only one voice to use;
Only one little life to live,
  And only one to lose.

Poor is my best, and small:
  How could I dare divide?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
  He shall not be denied!

All! for far more I owe
  Than all I have to bring;
All! for my Saviour loves me so!
  All! for I love my King!

All! for it is His own,
  He gave the tiny store;
All! for it must be His alone;
  All! for I have no more.

All! for the last and least
He stoopeth to uplift:
The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift.

Written at "The Highlands," Herefordshire, August, 1877.

KNOWING

I KNOW the crimson stain of sin,
Defiling all without, within;
But now rejoicingly I know
That He has washed me white as snow.
I praise Him for the cleansing tide,
Because I know that Jesus died.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,
"The whole head sick, the whole heart faint";
But now I trust His touch of grace,
That meets so perfectly my case,
So tenderly, so truly deals;
Because I know that Jesus heals.

I know the pang of forfeit breath,
When life in sin was life in death;
But now I know His life is mine,
And nothing shall that cord untwine,
Rejoicing in the life He gives,
Because I know that Jesus lives.

I know how anxious thought can press,
I know the weight of carefulness;
But now I know the sweet reward
Of casting all upon my Lord,
No longer bearing what He bears,
Because I know that Jesus cares.

I know the sorrow that is known
To the tear-burdened heart alone;

But now I know its full relief
Through Him who was acquaint with grief;
And peace through every trial flows,
Because I know that Jesus knows.

I know the gloom amid the mirth,
The longing for the love of earth;
But now I know the Love that fills,
That gladdens, blesses, crowns, and stills,
That nothing mars and nothing moves—
I know, I know that Jesus loves.

I know the shrinking and the fear,
When all seems wrong, and nothing clear;
But now I gaze upon His throne,
And faith sees all His foes o'erthrown,
And I can wait till He explains,
Because I know that Jesus reigns.

Written at "The Highlands," Herefordshire, September 24, 1877.

ON THE LORD'S SIDE

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
Response. By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm;
But for Love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
Response. By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For thy diadem.

With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
Response. By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army,
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Response. Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land;
"Chosen, called, and faithful,"
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Response. Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine!

Written October, 1877.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him

JUST to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessèd, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be
Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises.
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice.
This is all! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey.

Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command.
Blessèd day! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new.
Just to recognize its light,
All-enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away.
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task,
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best.
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

Written at Leamington, January 20, 1878.

CHOSEN LESSONS

Him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose.

In the way that He shall choose
  He will teach us ;
Not a lesson we shall lose,
  All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed
  We may find it,
But the blessing that we need
  Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send
  Are the sweetest,
And His training, in the end,
  Is completest.

Written in 1878.

TRUST AND DISTRUST

Distrust thyself, but trust His grace;
  It is enough for thee!
In every trial thou shalt trace
  Its all-sufficiency.

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength;
  In Him thou shalt be strong:
His weakest ones may learn at length
  A daily triumph-song.

Distrust thyself, but trust His love;
  Rest in its changeless glow:
And life or death shall only prove
  Its everlasting flow.

Distrust thyself, but trust alone
  In Him, for all—for ever!
And joyously thy heart shall own
  That Jesus faileth never.

Written at Leamington, March, 1878.

WHAT THOU WILT

Do what Thou wilt! Yes, only do
  What seemeth good to Thee:
Thou art so loving, wise, and true,
  It must be best for me.

Send what Thou wilt; or beating shower,
  Soft dew, or brilliant sun;
Alike in still or stormy hour,
  My Lord, Thy will be done.

Teach what Thou wilt; and make me learn
  Each lesson full and sweet,
And deeper things of God discern
  While sitting at Thy feet.

Say what Thou wilt; and let each word
  My quick obedience win;
Let loyalty and love be stirred
  To deeper glow within.

Give what Thou wilt; for then I know
  I shall be rich indeed;
My King rejoices to bestow
  Supply for every need.

Take what Thou wilt, belovèd Lord,
  For I have all in Thee!
My own exceeding great reward,
  Thou, Thou Thyself shalt be!

Written at "The Mumbles," November 29, 1878.

"O LORD JESUS, WHEN THOU REWARDEST THE SAINTS, REMEMBER, WE BESEECH THEE, FOR GOOD, THOSE WHO HAVE SURROUNDED US WITH HOLY INFLUENCES, BORNE WITH US, FORGIVEN US, SACRIFICED THEMSELVES FOR US, LOVED US; NOR FORGET ANY, NOR FORGET US; BUT IN THAT DAY SHEW US THY MERCY. AMEN."

Christina Rossetti.

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A LIST OF WORKS

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

WITH THE DATES OF THEIR FIRST PUBLICATION

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HOLIDAY WORK (*Prose*). J. & R. Parlane, Paisley. 1873.

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